

The Messenger

"As the Truth is in Jesus."

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TERMS.

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Poetry.

TRINITY SUNDAY.

Most High and Holy Trinity!

Who of Thy mercy mild
Hast formed me here in time to be
Thine image and Thy child:
Oh let me love Thee day and night
With all my soul, with all my might;
Oh come Thyself my soul prepare,
And make Thy dwelling ever there!

Father! replenish with Thy grace

This longing heart of mine,
Make it Thy quiet dwelling-place,
Thy sacred inmost shrine!
Forgive that oft my spirit wears
Her time and strength in trivial cares,
Enfold her in Thy changeless peace,
So she from all but Thee may cease!

O God the Son! Thy wisdom's light

On my dark reason pour;
Forgive that things of sense and sight
Were all her joy of yore;

Henceforth let every thought and deed
On Thee be fixed, from Thee proceed,
Draw me to Thee for I would rise
Above these earthly vanities!

O Holy Ghost! Thou fire of love,

Enkindle with Thy flame my will;
Come with Thy strength, Lord, from above,
Help me Thy bidding to fulfil:

Forgive that I so oft have done
What I as sinful ought to shun;
Let me with pure and quenchless fire
Thy favor and Thyself desire!

Most High and Holy Trinity!

Draw me away from hence,
And fix upon eternity

All powers of soul and sense!
Make me at one within; at one
With Thee on earth; when life is done
Take me to dwell in light with Thee,
Most High and Holy Trinity

Angelus 1657.

Selected.

THE SOCIALIST'S MILLENNIUM.

Rev. John H. Oerter read a paper on Socialism before a meeting of ministers of the Reformed Church of America, at New York recently, in which he detailed the doctrines of Socialism and enumerated their natural results with exceptional ability. The Socialist platform enunciates that the laborer is not paid enough for his work; that the laboring classes are the slaves of a few capitalists who feed them on picked bones; that all men are equal and should be equally prosperous; that to bring this about private property should be abolished, and all labor, trade, and commerce should be conducted by the community, and every man, woman, and child should have exactly equal advantages. Thereupon the millennium will be ushered in, and all men will be happy. The liberation of the proletariat will be the salvation of the world. "All bodies," say the Socialists, "must be equally bulky, at equal distances and of equal attraction." That is in substance what they proclaim, but if we apply these principles to the heavenly bodies there would be absolute stagnation, and there would be inanity in the moral and social world under these same conditions. Mr. Oerter, after stating in brief the Socialist position, and fortifying his allegations by copious extracts from Socialist organs, presents the most serious objection to the pro-

letariat programme, which is the direct renunciation of responsibility to God; the abolition of all moral obligation. Among other proofs of this spirit he quotes from the New York *Volks Zeitung* as follows:—

"Our opponents assert that Social Democrats are enemies of all religion, and do not believe in a God. Now, this reproach, as terrible as it may seem to some, is not altogether without foundation. Yes, we Social Democrats are opposers of everything that falsely is commended to the deluded masses as religion. We do not believe in a supernatural being; we do not believe in a personal God, in an avenging and recompensing Almighty, Omniscient, All-wise God, who, in His goodness and mercy, in spite of His omnipotence, can permit millions of men on earth to languish in the hard bonds of slavery and subjugation, while, on the other hand, a few without their own merits live in revelry and rioting, feed on the sweat of the suppressed and disinherited, and laugh at human misery. We Socialists do not pull at the triumphal carriage of the priests; we do not take reason captive. We do not want to believe, but to conceive. We are not so ignorant as to resign to these clerical lords our claims on temporal enjoyments for fabricated manna of heaven. We are not stupid enough to believe that there is a life after death, where justice will be exercised, and where each one is rewarded according to his merits. And as we are not so stupid as not to believe all this; as we do not allow ourselves to be lulled asleep by the old denial lullaby—the *Etiapoepa* from Heaven,—just on this account we demand justice on earth; for this reason we demand our portion of enjoyments and temporal fortunes out of which these hypocrites would like to cheat us, in order that their portion might become all the larger. As we are free from all erroneous notions, we try to establish the 'kingdom of heaven on earth.' We do not want to know anything about heaven after the finished earthly misery; we only leave that to the 'angels and the sparrows.' And because we have no religion and do not believe in the God of the ruling class, we do not submit in humility to the divine order of the universe, and do not acknowledge any superiority by birth as created by God, nor do we acknowledge the power of the purse."

Along with this bold repudiation of the Deity, the Socialist organs repeatedly denounce Christian marriage as inimical to their plans. Having abolished God, it is easy for them to abolish the institutions of God, and the family is one of them. Having abolished private capital, they abolish production, and we have, therefore, the result of the Socialist scheme in operation, a republic of paupers, who, having destroyed production, will starve to death. Mr. Oerter very properly takes the view that the most dangerous phase of Socialism is the attempt to abolish the respect for God and the Decalogue. He says:—

"The most fatal error Socialism is committing by persistently attempting to uproot all religion and to establish atheism. For the past history of mankind has proved beyond a shadow of doubt the following two facts: 1. The nations of the earth, from the beginning of time up to the present day, have sunk down into idolatry, moral degradation and bodily misery just in proportion as they have separated themselves from the belief in a personal, holy and just God, and from the power and influence of genuine religion. 2. Wherever the gospel of Jesus Christ has been permitted to become a power over the individual or a nation, the moral, religious, social, and national life, even among the most degraded and degenerated tribes, has been elevated to a standard of which previously to that time they had no conception. Now, as Socialism ignores and sets aside these well-tested historical facts, it rears a building without a foundation and opens the door to the incessant inroad of vice and crime. For as soon as a higher, holy and determinating will of a personal God is denied, moral responsibility ceases, and the distinction between right and wrong, good and evil, is at once abolished. Socialism itself has furnished some alarming examples in this respect. It is well known that Eufentin used the expression:—'What exists is God. Hence the desires (wants) of the flesh are of a divine nature.' Fourier and Cabot declared:—'The enjoyment is the highest and last good.' All inclinations

are good, but that all can not be satisfied is sin. The end and aim of life is the greatest possible satisfaction of all desires; hence men can not intend anything but what is good.' In 1873 the most influential Socialist paper in Germany, the *Volksblatt*, protested against the 'eternal' principles of right and morality in the following manner:—'Of two things we must accept one: either there is no God, and then we are permitted to alter the old laws just as we please; or there is a God, and then, of course, we would be in a bad fix. But, fortunately, nobody has ever discovered the home of God, hence we have a right to assume that the conceptions of 'morals' and 'right' as well as their antithesis, are fixed by man, and may, therefore, be altered as circumstances require. And the so called eternal principles remain only so long as we consider them passable.' Now, where such mischievous doctrines are promulgated, we certainly need not wonder that Socialism is recording such fearful aberrations in regard to that most ethical relation of human life, marriage. They are but inevitable consequences of its materialistic creed and pronounced atheism. And if at any time it should succeed in extinguishing the last residue of consciousness of a moral responsibility, then the irreligious and unprincipled masses will call up a spirit of anarchy and destruction, which will overturn all existing laws and orders of human society."

Such doctrines will never get the bone and sinew in this country to accomplish the result suggested by Mr. Oerter. There are tens of thousands of Americans who are not professors of any religious views, who so recognize the beneficent effects of religion in operation, and the necessity of such conservatism in the State, that they would never permit such a "liberation of the proletariat" as is contemplated by the Socialist-Communist leaders.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

SIN WITHIN US

This is the intense, sickening, misery of sin, that it is brought close into the presence of God within us. Sins begin in thought; yet thought is of the soul, and in the soul dwelleth God the Holy Spirit. Thought goes on to consent of the will. No deadly sin is committed, but the soul has first willed it; it has willed it in the very Presence of God, not afar off, not in heaven, not under His Holy Eye alone, but there where He came to hallow us; where, by the voice of our conscience, He pleaded with us; where, if we held on in sin, we must first stifle our conscience, that is, deaden His Voice, nay, cast Him forth! What if any of us have not been tempted only, but have been our own tempters, have invited the sin into our souls, have called it in and cherished it and nourished and made room for it and let it come in and out at will; brought it, that is, face to face, in all its loathsomeness, where God was! And then, perhaps, followed acts of sin, and the completed misery. Then the dwelling-place of the Trinity became the hold of devils. Babylon is, among other things, the picture of the ruined soul. Yet Holy Scripture says, "Babylon the great is fallen, is fallen, and is become the habitation of devils, and the hold of every foul spirit, and a cage of every unclean and hateful bird." "The wild beasts of the desert shall lie there, and their houses shall be full of doleful creatures, and owls shall dwell there, and satyrs shall dance there, and the wild beasts shall cry in their desolate houses, and dragons in their pleasant palaces." Yet what is such a picture to the truth? What can set forth the unutterable misery, when a soul, once washed by the Blood of Christ, yea, Scripture saith, "espoused as a chaste virgin unto Him," the home of the Spirit, where not Angels visited but God dwelt, chose sin for God, brought the thoughts and deeds of the evil one into the shrine which He hallows? Yea, Scripture says, such let "the unclean spirit bring in seven other spirits, more wicked than himself, to dwell there." "And satyrs to dance there," in the soul which "He hath chosen as an habitation for Himself, to put His name there," the Name of the All-Holy Trinity; yea, He "had longed for her," and "betrothed her" to Himself. Truly "they have defiled the dwelling-place of Thy Name to the ground." "The enemy hath persecuted the soul and taken it, has trod down her life upon the earth, and laid her honor in the dust."

"They knew not what they did." They knew, perhaps, that they drowned the voice which checked them within, but they knew not that it was the very Voice of God in

their souls. They knew that they would not do it under the eye of parents, or friends whom they valued: they knew not that this very feeling was from Him, the only Friend of the soul, her Father, Guardian, Comforter. They knew that they could not bear the thoughts they harbored to be laid bare to man; they knew not that they were thought in the very Presence of God. And so Adam knew not that his one deadly sin would open hell, ruin a whole world, live on, yea rather, be an unending source of death which should never die. We know that we should not sin, that we should serve God; but the deadliness of sin, as the blessedness of the love of God, "eye hath not seen nor ear heard."

Yet even thus, comfort comes from the source of all comfort, the Cross of Christ. "They knew not what they did." And even in those dread cases, where, as the Apostle says, "They crucify to themselves the Son of God afresh, and put Him to an open shame," greater is the power of the prayer of the Crucified, than the guilt of His crucifiers. For these too is that prayer heard, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

And so again, the greatness of that Love wherewith God loved us, in that He gave us of His Spirit, is the comfort and hope of the penitent, as it is the bright gladness of heart of those who have heard His loving words, "If ye love Me, keep My Commandments." He Who hath done so great things for us, doth not willingly leave the soul which He hath made, which He bought to Himself at so great a Price, to whom He gave so great a Gift. It grieveth Him to depart. "Grieve not," He says, "the Holy Spirit of God, whereby ye were sealed unto the Day of Redemption," as though it were a sorrow to Him Who hath everlasting Bliss, to leave the soul which He hath once made His own. And marred, defiled, sin-stained, as a soul may be, He hath not left that soul which can yet loathe its own stains. His Love has not yet forsaken her which can yet hate what it has been and can long to love Him Whom once she "would not have to reign over" her. Yea, He will yet fan that remaining spark into a flame, which shall kindle the whole soul. For that spark of life is His Presence in the soul, Who is our Advocate; and when He pleads, how will not God hear? Where He is, is not Holiness only, but the very Fountain of Holiness. He, if we pray Him, will "wash us more and more from our sins," cleanse all our spots, make the very memory of sin cease to be defiling, yea, a spur to our obedience, a very spring of love, in that, "much forgiven," we shall, through His gift, "much love."—*Rev. E. B. Pusey, D. D.*

Communications.

For The Messenger.

GERMAN SOCIALISTS.

During my late visit to Germany a good deal of apprehension was manifested concerning the progress of Socialism. Six hundred thousand votes had been cast at the last election in favor of overthrowing, if possible, the foundations of both Church and State. To counteract this spirit, steps were taken for the organization of a Christian Workingmen's party. An account of this movement has been transmitted to me by the Rev. Mr. Stöcker, one of the court preachers of the Emperor, who has taken a very active part in it. The first public meeting was held on the 5th of January. Mr. Stöcker dwelt on the changes which the working men may justly claim, such as Sabbath rest, lighter work for females, houses of refuge for crippled or superannuated laborers, etc., but he also pointed to the ruinous results to which a lawless spirit must necessarily end. He was told, in reply, by Most, a member of the House of Representatives and a leading Socialist, that he and his brother ministers had better settle their accounts with Heaven, as their time on earth was likely to be very short. At a subsequent meeting, numbering 2000, the half of which belonged to the socialist party, Mr. Stöcker dwelt on the misrepresentations of Socialist writers. He offered a thousand dollars to any one who would prove that Calvin had burnt fifty heretics; he read extensively from the letters of Martin Luther, addressed to the German nobles, to show that Martin Luther did not call upon them to shoot down the German peasants like mad dogs. At 11 o'clock the meeting was to close; those only were to remain who wished to join the new organization, but the Socialists also remained, singing the "Marseillaise;" while those favorable to the Christian Men's Working party sang Luther's Battle Hymn: "A strong fortress is our God." At a third meeting the new party gave a practical proof of the spirit which animated them by raising a large amount of money for the purpose of building a home for superannuated and crippled working-men. Shortly after this meeting the Emperor met Mr. Stöcker, pressed his hand and asked God's blessing on his labors. Then, however, this movement was arrested by the first attempt made on the life of the Emperor. Public meetings, for a time at least, had to cease. By a combination of

the Ultramontanes and Socialists in the Reichstag, the enactment of a more stringent law against the latter was prevented. The second attempt on the life of the Emperor, called for the fullest application of the existing laws, and made public meetings still less admissible. On that account, however, it need not be thought that the labors of these men will cease altogether. While it must be admitted that repressive measures have to be employed in order to protect life and property, it is not less certain that the effect of these measures is but temporary, and that only the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ, in changing the heart, can furnish a permanent cure for this, as well as for every other ill. Mr. Stöcker and his coadjutors, are seeking to wield this power.

In conclusion, I cannot but refer to the fact, that to a certain extent the spirit of violence from which Germany is suffering, does also prevail in this country, and it calls for earnest prayer, so that, like our brethren across the ocean, we may endeavor to improve the outward condition and do good to the souls of those who seem blind to their own interests. H. B.

For The Messenger.

INTERESTING SERVICES.

Very interesting services were held in St. John's church, Allentown, Pa., Rev. S. G. Wagner, pastor, on Whitsunday. The morning exercises, held by the Sunday-school and for its benefit, were very novel, and appropriate for this season of the year. The name under which it passed was: "The Annual Dedication of the Flowers of the Land to Almighty God." The altar, pulpit, font, almost every available space within the chancel rail, was tastefully arranged with flowers, bouquets, and festoonlets, while on each side of the chancel, just within the rail, stood a large frame covered with ferns, trailings, and bouquets. A large audience began to assemble long before the appointed time, and at ten o'clock the Sunday-school marched into the church and took their seats.

The service opened with a short liturgical service consisting of sentences, prayers, the Apostles' Creed, Gloria in Excelsis, Gloria Patri, the responsive reading of the Scripture lesson found in the 24th Psalm and a hymn sung by the school called "Jesus is King." Now the offerings of the school were brought. These were given by members with the recitation of appropriate Scripture passages, which were answered, with fitting stanzas, by the classes in turn. These offerings consisted of large letters beautifully trimmed with flowers, which were then hung upon wires stretched across the top of the recess.

The first offering was "Jewels," Mal. iii. 17, and the letter J. After it was in its place on the wire, the school sang "Precious Jewels." The next was "Earnest Workers," John ix. 4, and the letter E; next "Sunday-school Cadets," 1 Cor. xv. 57, letter S; "Upholders of the Right," Ps. xix. 8, U; "Seekers of Truth," Prov. viii. 17. This spelling the word Jesus, the school sang the hymn called "The Sweetest Name." The next offerings were "Tender Branches," John xv. 5, T, which was placed on a wire below the name Jesus; "Harvesters," John iv. 35, H; "Emulators," Phil. iii. 14, E; "Reapers," John iv. 36, R; "Opening Buds," Math. xix. 14, O; "Silver Trumpeters," the sentence "We herald our King," was repeated by a scholar with the offering of the letter S; "Endurers," Math. x. 22, E. These letters spelling "The Rose," the school sang the "Song of the Lily." Next offering was "Open Hearts and Hands," Ps. xiii. 5, and the letter O, which was placed on the same wire with the preceding letters; "Fruit Gatherers," Gal. v. 22, 23, F; "Sunbeams," letter S; "Hope Band," Ps. lxxi. 5, H; "Armor Bearer," Eph. vi. 11, A; "Rays of Light," John xii. 36, R; "Onward and Upward," Heb. xii. 2, O; "Noble Flowers," Heb. vi. 12, N. The hymn "The Rose of Sharon" was then sung. The pastor addressed the school on the object of these services. A bright little girl presented, with several beautiful stanzas, a large and handsomely trimmed crown, which was suspended above the name Jesus, and followed by the singing of the hymn Coronation. The benediction closed the exercises.

In the afternoon, after the meeting of the Sunday-school, a very old custom in the church was observed, that of the baptism of infants on Whitsunday. The beautiful baptismal formula of the church was never more fittingly used. The Sunday-school and a large number of friends and members of the church assembled to witness the ceremony, and all were very much pleased with it, and spoke in high terms of the custom.

In the evening the pulpit was occupied by the Rev. Nevin L. Kessler, of Mulberry, Ind., who delivered a very able and impressive sermon.

Thus closed one of the most memorable days for this congregation. It will long be remembered, and no doubt will often be repeated. The custom of baptism in the church is especially becoming more and more common, and the congregation is awakening to see the fittingness of this service. J. S. H.

Family Reading.

THE OLD HOME.

It is not a castle olden,
Standing in the sunlight golden,
Relic of the Past,
With a deep moat mossed and hoary,
And a ray from bygone glory,
O'er its ruin cast.

But a mansion fair and pleasant,
Known alike of peer and peasant
For its kindly cheer,
With its glades and leafy covers;
Ferry haunts of loitering lovers,
And the shy wild deer.

Crimson blossoms redly glowing,
Flickering shadows o'er it throwing,
Veil the lichen's stain;
Sunset gleams of rose and amber,
Where the ivy tendrils clamber,
Flush each casement pane.

Lurks no ghost behind the arras,
Happy midnight dreams to harass,
Wakes no Banshee's wail;
Tapestry, nor antique lumber,
Doth its sunny hall incumber,
Shield nor suit of mail.

Morning wakes its household noises,
Busy footsteps, laughing voices,
As in days of yore;
Burns its warm hearth too, as brightly,
Where the gay groups gather nightly,
Though it knows no more.

Hearts, by other loves supplanted;
Steps, that once its precincts haunted,
Hushed by mount and sea!
Only my sad heart remembers
Flowery Junes and dark Decembers,
Spent, old home, in thee!

Shadows pace the garden alleys,
Wander with me through the valleys,
Join my woodland walk;
And by the streamlets willow-shaded,
Where the song-birds serenaded,
Parted lovers talk—

Idly talking, idly dreaming,
With the sunlit waters gleaming
Golden at their feet,
While the fair-haired children plunder,
Rosy-mouthed, with blue-eyed wonder,
Fruitage wild and sweet.

When I stretch my hands in greeting,
Each familiar name repeating,
Straightway from my sight,
Back to angel bowers they vanish,
Even as beams of morning banish
Visions of the night.

—Chambers' Journal.

"STOP, SIR!"

Those who are acquainted with the Midland Counties of England, more especially with that part of them known as "the Black Country," are aware that that district abounds with pits and furnaces. In many cases the mouths of the pits are arched over like an oven, and thus effectually protected from danger. In others, there are only a few wooden rails round them, while others are left quite open, and not protected at all.

Few sights in England are more grand and impressive than that which may be seen in travelling from Birmingham to Wolverhampton, on a winter's night. The lofty flames issuing from the mouths of the furnaces, throwing their glare over the black and gloomy district around, present a sight not soon or easily forgotten.

Some years ago the writer was travelling through this part of the country, and, wishing to pass from one road to another, he attempted to cross a large piece of waste ground in order to reach the main road leading to the town he intended to go to. The two roads for a distance ran nearly parallel with each other, but, gradually diverging, led to different towns in widely separated directions. In thus attempting to cross this apparently waste and barren ground, my attention was suddenly arrested by loud cries of "Stop!"

It was winter-time, and, though not late, it was getting quite dark. I could not see where I was going, did not know the ground, and was quite unconscious of danger. But "Stop, sir! Stop, sir!" continued to echo in my ear.

Not seeing the owner of the voice, and not knowing whether the stranger was friend or foe, I hesitated whether I should stand still or walk on. Being naturally of a resolute disposition, and having travelled many hundreds and thousands of miles, and seen some dangers in my time, I determined to stand still and await the result. The civil way in which the man addressed me, even when shouting out, removed any doubt as to what I should do.

No sooner had the stranger come near than he said quickly, "Do you know where you are going, sir?"

"Yes," said I. "I am going across here into the main road yonder."

"But," replied the man, "do you know that this place is full of pits, and that you may fall into one and break your neck?"

"No," I answered, "I am a stranger here, and therefore know nothing about it."

"Take hold of my arm, sir," said my unknown friend, "and I will take you across safely."

I could judge pretty well by the tone of the man's voice that he was speaking truly, and I thanked him for his kind attention. At the first cry of "Stop," he might have been a foot-pad, or one who meant mischief. But I saw that he really was putting himself out of his way to serve me, so I gladly accepted his guidance, and got to the road without any risk. He hardly waited to hear my hearty thanks, but started back to the road he had left; while I walked on safely towards the town.

Many a time has this little incident come to my mind, and I think it carries some useful hints on higher subjects than the safety either of limb or life, for which I had cause to be thankful that day.

It was certainly a most providential thing that the man, who knew the danger of the place, happened to pass just at the time. We talk of such things as "happy chances" and bits of "good luck," but I like to see the hand of God in all events of life. If not even a sparrow falls to the ground without His knowledge, I know it is not chance that guides my feet and delivers me from danger, till my appointed time has come.

But more than this may be taught by the incident. The pits in the field may fitly remind us of the unseen perils and unknown dangers to which men's souls are exposed as they journey through life. Many who know those dangers and the way to avoid them are anxious to warn the unwary, and to help them to a place of safety. The man who warned me by his cry of "Stop, sir," might have passed by thinking my way was no concern of his, just as many see sinners going to destruction, and say in their hearts, "Am I my brother's keeper?" But those who are truly merciful, having the love of God and man in their hearts, will not only give warning of danger, but will go out of their way, and give trouble as well as time to bring salvation to the erring and the lost. Ah! we are all too remiss in this duty and delight, as it ought to be, of saving souls. Even those who rejoice in their own deliverance and safety often take too little concern about others yet in danger, upon whom darkness and death may soon come.—Sunday at Home.

GOLDEN HAIR IN THE CHANCEL.

A friend living in Philadelphia has a sweet, golden-haired little daughter, aged three years, who is devoted to her father, and who endeavors, after her baby fashion, to govern her actions by his own. This habit causes much amusement in the family, though the little one seems quite unconscious that she is the cause of it all. Not long ago the child attended divine service for the first time with her father, and sat quietly and gravely in the pew until the close of the sermon. It chanced to be communion Sunday, and Mr. —, being a communicant, went with others toward the chancel, unconscious that his little daughter was following him. As he knelt and bowed his head the baby of three years beside him also knelt and bowed her sweet face upon her tiny hands. Those who saw the touching sight were affected almost to tears, and nobody attempted to remove the small communicant. Not until my friend rose to return to his seat did he discover the child, who also rose, and, slipping her little hand in his, walked gravely toward the pew. The clergyman, speaking of it afterward, said it was in his opinion the most beautiful sight he had ever seen.—Harper's Monthly.

THE CHILDREN.

To one who makes a study of children, the different ways in which they find content are very interesting. One child will find in a single toy amusement for a long time, while another demands a constant succession of playthings, and then is restless and unsatisfied. We have been told many times that a child's mind is like a piece of blank white paper, but any observing mother can readily trace in her child the prevailing tone and character of her own moral, intellectual and physical condition previous to its birth: and this well-known fact can but furnish food for careful reflection to every prospective mother. The love which every child brings with it, is in itself the strongest indication of the needs of the child. Love is like sunshine; without it there can be no harmonious growth or development. As well expect a fruit tree to bear delicious fruit in a cellar, as expect a child to grow up into symmetrical manhood or womanhood without love. As invariably we appropriate the sunniest nook in the garden to the nursery, so must the warmest and sunniest apartments of the heart be given to the little ones. Nurtured in an atmosphere of love, their various powers expand in unconscious but harmonious beauty.

"Love hath its seat in reason and is judicious." We prune our trees, we cut back our vines and our roses, we

pinch off the excess of buds on our floral pets, having in view all the time the highest development of the plant; to let it have its own luxuriant way would often be to cultivate its ruin. And in the same way we watch our children, checking a propensity here that may lead to vice, killing in the bud a trait that may develop bitter fruits by-and-by, cutting off branches that mar the symmetry of the whole, and watching continually to keep the thing straight, till it is firmly rooted in the soil, and can bear the east winds without bending. And yet it is folly to shut children away from the knowledge that sin and death, with all their train of woes, are in the world. This knowledge can be kept from them but a little while at longest. As it comes to them in the natural course of things, such antidotes can be given with it as shall prevent any untoward effect. A pure child, like a ray of sunshine, can go anywhere without contracting taint. Though a choice of associations is essential to wholesome development, yet a normal and healthful child may come in contact with a great deal of roughness and vice without being injured by it. This can only be, however, when the child carries with it continually the atmosphere of a pure, elevated, Christian home. The intuitions of a child thus nurtured will make it shrink from the taint of vice and keep it pure.—N. Y. Tribune.

GREAT WEALTH A GREAT MOCKERY.

If you are ever tempted to purchase a very large pear, decline the investment or reckon upon a disappointment. You will probably find it woolly, almost tasteless, and more like a turnip than a pear. We know, for we have made the experiment in the land where the gigantic pears are grown. Overgrown fruits never seem to us to have the delicate sweetness which may be found in those of the usual dimensions. What is gained in quantity is more than lost in quality. In the same manner great wealth, great honor, and great rank generally turn out to be great shams. Besides the counteracting influences of great care and great temptation, there is the inevitable satiety in too much of anything, which soon renders it tasteless. For sweetness prefer competence to enormous fortune, the esteem of a few to the homage of a multitude, and a quiet condition to a position of eminence and splendor. There is more flavor in enough than in too much. Solomon's proverb bids us prefer the dinner of herbs eaten in peace to the stalled ox consumed amid contention; and a remark is the more practical whenever consider how often the fat ox seems, if necessity, to involve contention, while the herbs are not thought to be worth fighting over. He chose wisely who said "Give me neither poverty nor riches." He took the smaller and the sweeter pear. After all, it is better to have to choice, but leave it all with our Heavenly Father.—Spurgeon.

A GREENLAND HOME.

Evening is the liveliest time in the Greenland hut. Then the bright lamps are burning, the kettles and pots (made of soapstone) all steaming and boiling over each lamp, the women busily chatting at their work, and half-naked children running about on the warm reindeer skins on the ledge behind them. This is the scene going on before us. The seal-hunter has just arrived home from after his day's toil upon the sea, and while he is hanging up his lines, his water proof gloves and other paraphernalia, a piece of skin is drawn forth from beneath the ledge and spread before him. Its contents—the small dried fish called "angmagasat," or capeling—he eats in silence, weary as he is. This is only a preliminary meal, an appetizing pastime, while the more substantial things over the lamp are getting ready—and it does not take long to boil seal flesh. After the fish he takes a draught from the water-pail behind the door.

The skin curtain of the ledge, hiding the mysteries of the lower regions, is once more drawn aside, and the skin, with the remnants, disappears behind it, to join a host of the most heterogeneous articles. A good deal of talking in the relating line, or in the chatting, prattling, merry-making style, is generally going on. What I remember most distinctly from my many visits and stays in the Greenland huts are the stories and descriptions of the men relative to their sea adventures, accompanied by the most animated gestures, showing how the seal had first appeared, and, then again dived down on his approaching it; how he [the hunter] in his turn had lingered behind till the animal, made incautious by the ensuing silence, again rose to the surface; and now the hunter, leaning back with a graceful movement, shows how he resolutely swept across a long surge, and came within reach of his mark, took aim, and threw his harpoon and bladder float; how the wounded animal dived and again came to the

surface, and so forth. In fact, he paints the scene with the most lively colors, as we all listened in wrapt attention. My brother, who had a lively comprehension and a great talent for mimicry, had in after years, in Denmark, often to act the part of the seal-hunter, and it strikes me that I had myself a part in a play representing an unsuccessful whale hunt. Certainly we had many an hour of amusement in the Greenland cottages. No doubt we were very unpretending, and easy to please in the extreme; but why criticise the means when the result is happiness? And happy we undoubtedly were, alike in the dark, frosty days, with the moon shining down upon us at noontide, and in the calm, delightful summer time, with its bright sunlit nights.—The Field.

QUIET LIVES.

In a valley, centuries ago,
Grew a little fern-leaf, green and slender—
Veining delicate, and fibres tender,
Waving when the wind crept down so low.
Rushes tall, and moss and grass grew round it;
Playful sunbeams darted in and found it;
Drops of dew stole down by night and crowned it.
But no foot of man e'er came that way;
Earth was young and keeping holiday.

Monster fishes swam the silent main,
Stately forests waved their giant branches,
Mountains hurled their snowy avalanches,
Mammoth creatures stalked across the plain;
Nature revelled in grand mysteries;
But the little fern was not of these,
Did not number with the hills and trees,
Only grew and waved its sweet, wild way;
No one came to note it day by day.
Earth, one time, put on a frolic mood,
Heaved the rocks and changed the mighty motion
Of the deep, strong currents of the ocean;
Moved the plain and shook the haughty wood;
Crushed the little fern in soft, moist clay,
Covered it, and hid it safe away.
Oh! the long, long centuries since that day!
Oh, the changes! oh, life's bitter cost!
Since the useless little fern was lost.

Useless? Lost? There came a thoughtful man,
Searching nature's secrets, far and deep;
From a fissure in a rocky steep
He withdrew a stone o'er which there ran
Fairy pencilings, a quaint design,
Leafage, veining, fibres, clear and fine,
And the fern's life lay in every line!
So, I think, God hides some souls away,
Sweetly to surprise us the Last Day!
—Churchman.

WHERE PERFUMES COME FROM.

Our readers may be interested to learn where, for the most part, the flowers grow, the sweet perfumes of which are found in those pretty flagons on their dressing-table. The chief places of their growth are the south of France and Piedmont, namely: Montpellier, Grasse, Nîmes, Nice, and Cannes; these two last especially are the paradise of violets, and furnish a yearly product of about 13,000 pounds of violet blossoms. Nice furnishes a harvest of 100,000 pounds of orange blossoms, and Cannes as much again, and of a finer color, 550 pounds of orange blossoms yielding about two pounds of Neroli oil. At Cannes the acacia thrives well, and produces yearly about 9,000 pounds of acacia blossoms. One great perfumery distillery at Cannes uses yearly about 140,000 pounds of rose leaves, 32,000 pounds of jessamine blossoms, 20,000 pounds of violets, and 8,000 pounds of tube roses, together with a great many other sweet herbs. The extraction of the ethereal oils, the smallest quantities of which are mixed in the flowers with such large quantities of other vegetable juices that it requires about 600 pounds of rose leaves to win one ounce of otto of roses, demands a very careful treatment. The French, favored by their climate, are the most active, although the most careful, preparers of perfumes; half the world is furnished by this branch of their industry.

WHY WOMEN ARE EXTRAVAGANT.

Millions of dollars are spent in this country annually in the purchase of tawdry trash—perishable things that have no intrinsic value and that go to swell the contents of the refuse barrels at each Spring and Fall cleaning. Always there is some new craze. Either it is lace-making, or crocheting, house decorations, or some article of personal ornamentation that is entertaining the idle women of the land. They know no more about the real value of the time wasted or the real value of the trumpery manufactured than they do about the interest on money investments in Europe, or the causes of the famine in India. Are they to blame? What has been done to give them just ideas of finances? How many have ever been intrusted with funds beyond the household requirements of the day or the season? The childish indifference of the average woman to the business affairs of men is beyond doubt mortifying to many sensible men who recognize how their own interests suffer in consequence. But no real good results from this state of affairs, for

men generally do not encourage the study of financial matters in women, and dislike above all things a woman who has decided taste for such things.

If the women of to-day were well posted regarding the causes of panics, knew the errors that had been committed by those who have the making of laws, and appreciated the real causes governing disasters in finances, think you there would be as many shoppers as there are? It is a poor compliment to the sex to believe that there would. They would exhibit practical business qualifications if there were need for them. But too many have been reared in the wrong school to expect much of the whole body. Too many have had the training similar to that of the young wife who, when her husband protested against her expenses and mentioned the extreme hard times, replied: "No more of that, if you please, John; father ding-donged it into my ears up to the day that I married, and he never failed to give me all and more than all I wanted." It is from just such injurious treatment that women suffer, and men too, to-day, and if anybody wants to help humanity and make times easier, the primary lesson is suggested in the above acknowledgment.—Brooklyn Eagle.

"FATHER, I STEP IN ALL YOUR TRACKS."

One winter's morning, after a snow-storm, a father took his hat for a walk to attend to some farm affairs requiring attention. As he started, his little boy of five summers also snatched his hat, and followed the father with mock dignity, and an assumed business-like air. When they reached the door the gentleman noticed that no track or pathway had been made in the snow, and he hesitated about letting his boy follow him. But the soft, fleecy snow looked so tempting, so pearly white, that he concluded to allow the child to walk after him. He took short strides through the untrodden snow, when suddenly remembering his little boy, he paused, looked back for him, and exclaimed:

"Well, my son, don't you find it hard work to walk in this deep snow?"

"Oh! no," said the boy, "I'm coming; for, father, I step in all your tracks."

True enough, the dear child was planting his tiny feet just where the parent's foot had trodden. The child's reply startled the father, as he reflected that thus would his child keep pace with him, and follow in his tracks through life. He was not a friend to Jesus, not a man of prayer, and not a Christian; and well might he pause and tremble as he thought of his child, ever striving to "step in all his tracks," onward, onward, through life's mysterious mazes and myths, toward eternity! The little boy's reply brought that strong, stubborn-hearted man to think, when even the preached word of God had no impression upon him. Finally he repented, and sought and found peace in believing in Christ. We believe he is now making such tracks through life that at someday that son may be proud to say, "Father, I step in all your tracks."

Useful Hints and Recipes.

TO TAKE OUT MILDEW.—Wet the cloth, and rub on soap and chalk, mix together and lay in the sun; or lay the cloth in buttermilk for a short time, take out, and place in the hot sun; or put lemon juice on, and treat in the same way.

BAKED TOMATOES.—Take large smooth tomatoes—wipe them and cut off carefully a slice from the blossom end; take out the seeds and fill each tomato with a forcemeat made of bread-crumbs and some salt pork chopped up very fine, and seasoned with Durkee's salpica. Put a bit of butter in each; fit on the top; place in an earthen dish and bake slowly from half to three-quarters of an hour.

TO PRESERVE THE SCENT OF FLOWERS.—The scent of rose and jasmine may be preserved by placing them between thin layers of cotton wool that have been dipped in the finest olive oil. Place a layer of the flowers in a wide-mouthed earthen vessel; sprinkle with salt; then another layer of flowers, till the vessel is full. Tie the top close with a bladder, expose to the sun for fifteen days, and when opened a fragrant oil may be squeezed from the mess, but little inferior to the famed attar of roses.

CHEESE SOUP.—To one pint and a half rich milk add one cup grated or finely cut cheese, a little salt, pepper and butter. Set it over the fire and bring to a scald; then add two well-beaten eggs. Let it remain but an instant over the fire after the eggs are added or it will curdle. Serve out for a tea relish. The flavor is like that of an oyster stew. It is very good without eggs.

This is an economical way to use dry bits of cheese.

Miscellaneous.

BY AND BY.

Be quiet, restless heart! The long light lies
In gleams of lingering sunshine on the hill;
The home-bound swallow twittering as he flies,
Makes silence seem more still.

The shadows deeper grow, and in the woods
The air a latent sweetness holds in fee;
An odor faint of yet unblossomed buds—
So like, dear heart, to thee!

Far distant in the soft, cerulean deep,
Where the horizon bounds the nether world,
Great ships becalmed, like brooding birds asleep,
Lie with white sails loose furled.

In peace the day is ended, and the night
Falleth as doth a veil upon the sea;
Along its bosom come with swift-winged flight
The gray mists, silently.

O anxious heart, how Nature speaks! Her power
How leisurely she uses! How intense
The infinite peace of her most fruitful hour!
How soft her influence!

Time hath she for her storms to sweep the main;
To rock the tree-tops with her winds of wrath;
To bring forth fragrance in the summer rain;
And time for snow she hath.

So, dear, for all thy eager soul desires,
She keeps sweet times and seasons. In her
mood

Is hid for thee all passion's subtle fires
To round thy womanhood.

Cease, then! and in this dewy twilight, move
As one who asks not whither, cares not why;
This gift for all holds still the Eternal Love—
God's endless by and by.

—Lucrice, in Sunday Afternoon for June.

MARKETING IN TAHITI.

At 4:45 this morning, some of us landed to see the market, this being the great day when the natives come in from the country and surrounding villages, by sea and by land, in boats or on horseback, to sell their produce and buy necessities for the coming week. We walked through the shady streets to the two covered market buildings, partitioned across with two great bunches of oranges, plantains, and many colored vegetables hung on strings. The mats, beds, and pillows still lying about suggested the idea that the salesmen and women had passed the night among their wares. The gayly-attired, good-looking, flower-decorated crowd, of some 700 or 800 people, all chattering and laughing, and some staring at us—but not rudely—looked much more like a chorus of opera-singers dressed for their parts in some grand spectacle than ordinary market-going peasants. Whatever way one turned, the prospect was an animated and attractive one. Here, beneath the shade of large, smooth, light-green banana leaves, was a group of earnest bargainers for mysterious-looking fish, luscious fruit, and vegetables; there, sheltered by a drooping mango, whose rich clusters of purple and orange fruit hung in tempting proximity to lips and hands, another little crowd was similarly engaged. Orange trees were evidently favorite rendezvous; and a row of flower-sellers had established themselves in front of a hedge of scarlet hibiscus and double cape jasmine. Every vendor carried his stock in trade, however small the articles comprising it might be, on a bamboo pole, across his shoulder, occasionally with rather ludicrous effect, as, for instance, when the thick but light pole supported only a tiny fish six inches long at one end, and two mangoes at the other. Everybody seemed to have brought to market just what he or she happened to have on hand, however small the quantity. The women would have one, two, or three new-laid eggs in a leaf basket, one crab or lobster, three or four prawns, or one little trout. Under these circumstances, marketing for so large a party as ours was a somewhat long operation, and I was much amused in watching our *proveedor*, as he went about collecting things by ones and twos, until he piled a little cart quite full, and had it pushed off to the shady quay.—*Mrs. Brassey in "A Voyage in the Sunbeam."*

THE REWARDS OF AUTHORS.

Fortune has rarely condescended to be the companion of genius: others find a hundred by-roads to her palace; there is but one open, and that is a very different one, for men of letters. Cervantes, the immortal genius of Spain, is supposed to have wanted bread; Le Sage was a victim of poverty all his life; Camoens, the solitary pride of Portugal, deprived of the necessities of life, perished in a hospital at London. The Portuguese, after his death, wanted to bestow on the man of genius they had starved, the appellation of Great. Vondel, the Dutch Shakespeare, after composing a number of great tragedies, lived in great poverty, and died at ninety-nine years of age; then he had his coffin carried by fourteen poets, who, without his genius, probably partook of his wretchedness. The great Tasso was reduced to such a dilemma that he was obliged to borrow a crown

from a friend to subsist through the week. He alludes to his distress in a pretty sonnet, which he addresses to his cat, entreating her to assist him, during the night, with the lustre of her eyes, having no candle to see to write his verses. One day Louis XIV. asked Racine what there was new in the literary world. The poet answered that he had seen a melancholy sight in the house of Corneille, whom he found dying, deprived of a little broth. Spenser, the child of Fancy, languished out his life in misery. Lord Burleigh, it is said, prevented the Queen giving him £100, thinking the lowest clerk in the office a more deserving person. Sydenham, who devoted his life to a laborious version of Plato, died in a miserable spunging-house. "You," said Goldsmith to Bob Bryanton, "seem placed at the centre of fortune's wheel, and let it revolve ever so fast are insensible to its motion. I seem to have been tied to the circumference, and whirled disagreeably round, as if on a whirligig. * * * Oh gods! gods! here in a garret, writing for bread, and expecting to be dunned for a milk-score." To another, about the same time, he wrote, "I have been some years struggling with a wretched being—with all that contempt that indigence brings with it—with all those passions which make contempt insupportable. What, then, has a jail that is formidable? I shall at least have the society of wretches, and such is to me true society." Cervantes planned and commenced "Don Quixote" in prison. John Bunyan wrote the first part, at least, of the "Pilgrim's Progress" in jail. Both of these immortal works have been the delight and solace of reading people wherever there has been a literature. The latter is said to have been translated into a greater number of languages than any other book in the world, with two exceptions, the Bible and the "Imitation of Christ." Sir James Harrington, author of "Oreana," on pretence of treasonable practices, was put into confinement, which lasted until he became deranged, when he was liberated. Sir Robert L'Estrange was tried and condemned to death, and lay in prison for nearly ten years, constantly expecting to be led forth to execution. Ben Jonson, John Seldon, Jeremy Taylor, and Edmund Waller were imprisoned. Sir Walter Raleigh, during his twelve years' imprisonment, wrote his best poems and his "History of the World," a work accounted vastly superior to all the English historical productions which had previously appeared. "Written," says the historian Tyler, "in prison, during the quiet evening of a tempestuous life, we feel, in its perusal, that we are the companions of a superior mind, nursed in contemplation and chastened and improved by sorrow, in which the bitter recollection of injury, and the asperity of resentment have passed away, leaving only the heavenly lesson that all is vanity." Old George Wither wrote his "Shepherd's Hunting" during his first imprisonment. The superiority of intellectual pursuits over the gratification of sense, and all the malice of fortune, has never been more touchingly or finely illustrated, it has been well said than in this poem.

"Can anything be so elegant," asks Emerson, "as to have a few wants and to serve them one's self? It is more elegant to answer one's own needs than to be richly served; inelegant perhaps it may look to-day, and to a few, but it is an elegance forever and to all. Parched corn and a house with one apartment, that I may be free from all perturbations, that I may be serene and docile to what the mind shall speak, and girt and road-ready for the lowest mission of knowledge or good will is frugality for gods and heroes." Said Confucius, "With coarse rice to eat, with water to drink, and my bended arm for a pillow—I have joy in the midst of these things." "For my own private satisfaction," said Bishop Berkeley, I had rather be master of my own time than wear a diadem. "I would rather," said Thoreau, "sit on a pumpkin and have it all myself, than to be crowded on a velvet cushion. If you have any enterprise before you, try it in your old clothes. All men want, not something to do with, but something to do, or rather something to be. Perhaps we should never procure a new suit, however ragged or dirty the old, until we have conducted, so enterprised or sailed in some way, that we feel like new men in the old, and that to retain it would be like keeping new wine in old bottles. Our moulting season, like that of fowls, must be a crisis in our lives. The loon retires to a solitary spot to spend it. Thus also the snake casts its slough and the caterpillar its wormy coat, by an internal industry and expansion; for clothes are but our outmost cuticle and mortal coil. It is desirable that a man be dressed so simply that he can lay his hands on himself in the dark, and that he live in all respects so compactly and preparedly, that if an enemy take the town, he can, like an old philosopher, walk out the gate empty-handed without anxiety."

"You see in my chamber," said Goethe, near the close of his life, "no sofa; I sit always in my old wooden chair, and never till a few weeks ago, have permitted even a leaning place for my head to be added. If surrounded by tasteful furniture, my thoughts are arrested and I am placed in an agreeable but passive state. Unless we are accustomed to them from early youth, splendid chambers and elegant furniture had better be left to people who neither have nor can have any thoughts."

"I ought not," says Emerson, "to allow any man, because he has broad lands to feel rich in my presence. I ought to make him feel that I can do without his riches, that I cannot be bought—neither by comfort nor by pride—and though I be utterly penniless, and receiving bread from him, that he is the poor man beside me."

Foot's mother had been heiress to a large fortune, spent it all, and was at length imprisoned for debt. In this condition she wrote to Sam who had been allowing her a hundred a year out of the proceeds of his acting. "Dear Sam, I am in prison for debt; come and assist your loving mother, E. Foot." To which her son characteristically replied, "Dear mother, so am I; which prevents his duty being paid to his loving mother, by her affectionate son, Sam Foot."

Isaac Disraeli, when a young man, was informed that a place in the establishment of a great merchant was prepared for him; he replied that he had written and intended to publish a poem of considerable length against commerce, which was the corrupter of man. Cole-ridge, on being offered a half share in the *Morning Post and Courier*, with a prospect of £2,000 a year, announced that he would not give up country life, and the lazy reading of old folios, for two thousand times that income. Professor Agassiz, when once invited to lecture in Portland, Maine, replied to the munificent lecture association that he was just then busy with some researches that left him no time to make money.

Dr. Johnson contracted an inveterate dislike to intellectual exertions, and wondered how any one could write except for money, and never, or very rarely wrote from any more elevating impulse than the stern pressure of want. If fortune had turned him into a field of clover, he would not have allowed his lassitude and love of ease to have taken the pen out of the ink horn, unless the cravings of hunger had reminded him that he must fill the sheet before he saw the table-cloth.—*Curiosities of Literature.*

SLAVERY IN EGYPT.

In Cairo, the slave dealers, (*djellabs*) distribute their stock among their agents in various quarters of the city, and there, although the police are supposed to be on the watch to prevent it, buying and selling go on under the thinnest veil of concealment. An intending purchaser goes to one of the private but perfectly well-known entrepôts in which the dealers and their slaves are lodged, and, after examining the latter, selects what suits him, haggles for a time about the price, and finally closes the bargain then and there, or subsequently through a broker, who receives a small commission for the job. The *djellabs* object to show their ware to Europeans, unless they be introduced by a native who is not merely a dragoman; but with that voucher and the thin disguise of a fez and a Stamboulee coat, a sight of whatever is on hand may be easily enough had. Franks are, of course, now forbidden by their own laws to buy or hold slaves, but the prohibition is not always regarded by residents in the native quarters of the city, where, indeed, a single man cannot hire a house nor obtain lodgings unless he have a female slave. Prices range from £10 or £12 for a black boy or girl of as many years old, to £70 or £100 for an Abyssinian girl of from twelve to seventeen or eighteen, and from £500 to £800, or even £1,000, for a high-class Circassian. Adult women slaves who have already been in service are cheaper, unless their skill in cookery, needlework, or some other useful art balance the vice of temper or other grave defect but for which they are rarely resold. The price of males above the age of childhood varies from £20 or £30 to £90 or £100, Abyssinian youths and men ranging considerably above negroes. The neutral class of eunuchs has a still higher value, but these are now found in only the very wealthiest Moslem families, the rigorous prohibition which the law enforces against their production within Egyptian territory having greatly reduced the supply, and correspondingly heightened their price. Till within a few years ago, boy slaves were brought on their way down the Upper Nile and mutilated at Assiout and some other stations, Coptic priests being among the most expert operators—but this practice has now been suppressed, and the whole of the small yearly importation comes ready

made from Kordofan and Darfour. Most of the few who reach Cairo are bought up for Constantinople, where no Turkish "gentleman's" establishment is "complete" without one or more of these neutral police. It may be added that the whole of the slaves imported into Egypt readily adopt the established faith, and soon become the most bigoted and fanatical section of the Moslem population.—*Frazer.*

Selections.

Every cultivated mind carries a liturgy in its own refined taste.—*Rev. Dr. E. R. Beadle.*

When a man begins to love money for money's sake, and not for what it will procure, it is no longer a desire for independence, but the provision of avarice.

Ideas make their way in silence, like the waters that, filtering behind the rocks of the Alps, loosen them from the mountain on which they rest.—*D'Aubigne.*

We gain nothing by being with such as ourselves. We encourage one another in mediocrity. I am always longing to be with men more excellent than myself.—*Lamb.*

As every thread of gold is valuable, so is every minute of time; and as it would be great folly to shoe horses (as the Roman Emperor Nero did) with gold, so it is to spend time in trifles.

The following beautiful and expressive prayer was written on the fly-leaf of Dr. Bethune's Bible: "O God! pardon what I have been, sanctify what I am, order what I shall be, and Thine shall be the glory, and mine the eternal salvation, through Jesus Christ, my Lord."

Just as God leads, I onward go,

Of amid thorns and briars seen;

God does not yet His guidance show,

But in the end it shall be seen

How by a loving Father's will,

Faithful and true, He leads me still.

—*Lampertus, 1625.*

In preaching the Word, Christ Jesus Himself is the object of faith. The truth or Gospel of Christ is the matter of faith; the divine evidence of the truth is the ground of faith; the declaration and hearing the truth is the medium of faith; and the Spirit of truth is the author of faith.—*Samuel Pike.*

"The world is ever evil,

The times are waxing late;

Be sober and keep vigil,

The Judge is at the gate—

The Judge that comes in mercy,

The Judge that comes in might,

To terminate the evil,

To diadem the right."

Science and Art.

An improved charcoal pencil has been patented. It is made by compressing sawdust of lime, willow, poplar, etc., into moulds, drying them in the air, and charring in retorts. The sticks are then cased in paper. This method is said to remove the scratchy pieces found in ordinary charcoal pencils, and facilitates the mixing of the sawdust with gelatine, linseed oil, or lime-water, for special purposes.

THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE.—Mr. Roebling, the Chief Engineer, has sent to the Board of Bridge Trustees a supplementary report in regard to transit. He recommends the largest facilities for passenger traffic, which he regards the leading factor in bridge receipts. He suggests the use of but one tramway for vehicles on each of the roadways, and the use of the other for passengers. He estimates that a single track will take all the vehicle traffic that will offer for seventy-five years to come.

COOKING BY THE SUN'S RAYS.—Cooking by means of solar rays has been tried successfully at Bombay, and an apparatus has been contrived to cook chops and steaks in the open air as well and expeditiously as over an ordinary fire. The apparatus consists of a copper vessel, tinned inside and painted black outside, with a glass cover enveloping the vessel with an inch of hot air, and fixed on to the bottom of a conical reflector lined with common silvered sheet glass. If properly covered over, it will retain the heat for full three hours and a half.—*Graphic.*

DESIRABILITY OF BESSEMER RAILS.—A recent report of the Cologne-Minden Railway (Germany), furnishes abundant statistics showing the excellence of Bessemer rails. The most striking of the observations was made upon a portion of the road where, more than twelve years ago, Bessemer steel rails, crucible steel rails, and iron rails were laid side by side. There were two classes of iron rails; of one of these more than 80 per cent. have proved faulty: of the other, 68 per cent. One-third of the crucible steel rails had to be relaid. The Bessemer rails were from three factories; the faulty rails among them were respectively only 4½, 4, and 1½ per cent.—the average renewal of Bessemer rails for the twelve years being about a thirtieth. Other features of the statistics indicate that the breaking of a Bessemer rail is likely to take place, if at all, very soon after it is laid.

Personal.

Professor Henry's family are about to receive \$8,000, the amount of the life insurance policy of the Professor. They will also during life receive the interest \$2,400 a year—of the Henry fund. At the death of the late remaining member of the family this fund will go to the Smithsonian Institution.

William Cullen Bryant, the eminent American poet, died in New York on the 12th inst. He was born at Cummington, Mass., on the third day of November, 1794. On the 29th of May he made an address at the Mazzini celebration in Central Park, and soon afterwards received a severe injury by a fall, from which he never recovered.

An interesting incident is told of the late Prof. Taylor Lewis. Until a week before his death he dictated to his daughter. In the course of this work he once stopped and remarked: "Ruskin has written much about the beauties of nature; but he has never seen anything so beautiful as my dear old wife and devoted daughter, tending night and day to all my wants."

Earl John Russell, who died on the 28th of May, was the third son of the sixth Duke of Bedford, and was born in London in 1792. Upon becoming of age he took his seat in Parliament as a Whig representative of the borough of Tavistock, and soon became prominent in an earnest opposition to the repeal of the *habeas corpus* act. In 1830, under Earl Grey, he was made Paymaster of the Forces, a position which he held until 1834. In 1835 he became Secretary of State for the Home Department, and in 1839 was made Secretary of State for War and the Colonies. In 1841 he became Prime Minister, and held the position for six years. He was subsequently Foreign Secretary and leader of the House of Commons; in 1855 he acted as commissioner to the Vienna Conference, and by advocating peace measures excited the ill-will of the English people, and withdrew from the Cabinet. During Lord Palmerston's second ministry he was again made Foreign Secretary, and in 1861 entered the House of Lords as Earl Russell. Four years later he was again made Prime Minister with Mr Gladstone as Chancellor of the Exchequer. He held this position until 1866, when the defeat of a reform bill caused him to withdraw, and since that time he has occupied no important position.

Books and Periodicals.

PASTORAL THEOLOGY. The Pastor in the Various Duties of his Office. By Thomas Murphy, D.D., Pastor of the Frankford Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia. Philadelphia: Presbyterian Board of Publication, 1334 Chestnut St. Pp. 500.

This is a beautiful octavo volume, printed in large clear type on fine white paper, and substantially bound in muslin. The contents of the book are worthy of the care the Presbyterian Board has bestowed upon it. Dr. Murphy has brought to the work the experience of a quarter of a century in pastoral life, during which time he has given the subject especial attention. But the book is not by any means a mere record of personal experiences. The author has availed himself of the observations of others, and he has evidently given the results of his study to the public because his heart has been enlisted, and because he has felt that there was a demand for something of the kind. He had the good sense not to attempt to lay down wooden laws for those engaged in pastoral duty, but simply to make suggestions which will be apt to be of practical value. The work is modest and sincere in its tone, and will command itself even to those who may differ from Dr. Murphy in some of his opinions.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME for June regards as especially interesting. Contents: Michael Airdre's Freehold; Hymns of the Early Church; The Scriptures Illustrated by Oriental Proverbs; The Frozen Chalice: An Incident in the Life of a Priest; The Mowers; Use and Abuse of Pictures on Sacred Subjects; Blessedness; Entertaining Strangers; Kafir Missions; Levi Coffin and "The Underground Railroad"; A Voyage with Mecca Pilgrims; "The Wind bloweth where it listeth"; At the Church Door; The Pentecostal Test; Ban de la Roche; The Sentinel's Story; A Quaint Old Sermon; Colportage: American and English; The Pulpit in the Family; The Saint and the Lark; The Palm; "He maketh the Dumb to Speak"; Parables of Prayer; Pages for the Young; Scripture Exercises; Monthly Religious Record.

APPLETON'S JOURNAL for July opens a new volume with an American novelette by Albert Rhodes, entitled "A Bit of Nature." All magazine-readers are familiar with Mr. Rhodes as an essayist, but as a novelist he comes in a new guise to many of his admirers. "A Bit of Nature" is thoroughly of the soil; it is fresh in character and situation, and will be welcomed especially by readers who are wearied of the stereotyped phases of the English novel. A short story in the number, which is almost long enough to be called a novelette, entitled "Sam," is a tale of mingling life from a new hand, who ventures upon a domain supposed to belong peculiarly to Bret Harte, with a success that amply justifies the audacity. "Sam" is given as from the pen of E. A. Revorg. The name is new, but the story is worthy of a veteran hand. The number opens with an illustrated article entitled the "Rose of New England" which is not a paper on June's flower as it flourishes in bleak Yankee land, as many will doubtless suppose, but an eminently interesting paper on Norwich, Connecticut, which is dubbed by this handsome title. Dr. Coan takes up Ruskin's "Fors Clavigera," and succeeds in illustrating, by various extracts, accompanied with explanations, just what it is that Ruskin proposes in his reform movement to accomplish—a service which not a few persons who have been greatly confused in this matter will welcome. Edward King has a charming paper from Paris entitled "Paris and May," Julian Hawthorne continues his "Out of London" series, and there are various other articles; while the editor throws to the public a topic for discussion in proposing that the next World's Fair shall be held in New York, in 1881, and selects Governor's Island, in the harbor, as a place just fitted by its situation for such an exhibition.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE for June is fresh and beautiful. Nearly all the articles of which there is a great variety, are finely illustrated. From the following table any one who knows the usual ability displayed in the work, may judge of the interest of the contents: Some Landmarks of Old Virginia. Illus.; Hospital Life in New York. Illus.; Old Flemish Masters.—IV. Anthony Van Dyck. Illus.; Owlet.—A Story. Illus.; Old Time Militia Musters. Illus.; Juggernaut. Illus.; A First Week in England. Illus.; Daddy Will.—A Glimpse of Ancient Dixie. Illus.; Macleod of Dare.—A Novel. Continued; Anecdotes of Voltaire among the Swiss; The Return of the Native.—A Novel.—Book Third; A Wife Hunt.—A Story; Freedom from the Press Vindicated; An Adventure in a Forest; or, Dickens's Maypole Inn; Editor's Easy Chair. Sbylock in the Public Libraries.—Referring to some recent Reminiscences.—The Prince Consort.—Funeral Customs.—Mr. Jenkins' latest.—The Vivian Grey of 1878; Editor's Literary Record; Editor's Scientific Record; Editor's Historical Record; Editor's Drawer.

WIDE AWAKE for July, 1878. The July Number opens the Seventh Volume of WIDE AWAKE. The frontispiece, "In the Suller," has the depth and color of a painting and illustrates the initial story by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, entitled The Boys of Brimstone Court. The illustrations throughout the number are of the first excellence; notably Miss Humphrey's dainty rendering of "The Sleeping Beauty," which is one of Clara Doty Bates' Classics of Babyland. The picture accompanying "The Daisies' Awakening" is very novel and beautiful; also the engravings for Mrs. M. E. Bradley's "Afterwards." "Thusie's Fourth of July" and "Why the Benedict Family Didn't Go to the Concert" are capital stories. The second part of "True Blue" and "A General Misunderstanding," under the captions of "Trying to be True," and "Joe and her Knights," are as interesting as ever. Miss Muslin's "Seventh Misfortune," in company with her cousin Miliades Petserkin Paul occurs in a Melon Patch.

While story, poetry, and fun commend the magazine to the children, the older readers will find their share in Mrs. Lillie's second Shakespearean paper, and in No. XVIII. of the "Poets' Homes" series, in which Charles F. Richardson writes of Joaquin Miller, an excellent portrait accompanying the paper.

Only \$2.00 a year. Conducted by ELIZABETH FARMAN. D. LOTHROP & Co., Publishers.

LITTLE'S LIVING AGE. No. 1774.—June 15, 1878. Contents: The Greatness of the Romans, Contemporary Review; The Death of the Duke de M—, Temple Bar; The Political Adventures of Lord Beaconsfield, Fortnightly Review; The Azores, Fraser's Magazine; Macleod of Dare, Advance Sheets; Illustrations of the Acts from Recent Discoveries, Contemporary Review; The House across the Street, All The Year Round; How to Live on a Reduced Income, Good Words; The Letter "H," A Historical Conjecture, Examiner; Poetry: Our Future Home; an Easter Hymn. Published every Saturday by Little & Gay, Boston.

The Messenger.

REV. P. S. DAVIS, D.D., EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

Rev. S. R. FISHER, D.D., }
Rev. J. M. TITZEL, } Synodical Editors.
Rev. E. E. HIGBEE, D.D., }

TO CORRESPONDENTS. Communications on practical subjects and items of intelligence relating to the Church, are solicited. Persons who forward communications should not write anything pertaining to the business of the office on the back of their communications, but on a separate slip—or, if on the same sheet, in such a way, that it can be separated from the communication, without affecting it. We do not hold ourselves responsible for the return of unaccepted manuscripts.

For Terms, see first page.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 19, 1878.

LOVE A NECESSITY.

In the order of the Church year, the full revelation of the Triune God is followed by teachings in regard to the practical effect the Almighty purposes of salvation must have upon men. All the objective mysteries of grace that challenge our faith are to be made over to us in such a way as to raise us from the death of sin and repeat in us the wonder of Christ's life. The lessons which are appointed for Trinity Sunday indicate this. They speak not so much of the constitution of the Godhead, as of love, and of the regenerating power by which this is brought into our hearts. And from this point onward till the cycle is completed by looking for the second Advent, when the saints will come to a common consummation of redemption and bliss, every thing bears upon our personal relation to Christ.

It follows from this, that the disclosure which God has made of Himself to us in Christ through the Holy Ghost, is not to be regarded as sufficient if it merely declares His Being. The human mind may be informed in regard to that, and yet never taste of the power of the world to come; for such intellectual knowledge does not imply a redemption from sin. God, simply held in contemplation as outside of us, may yet be a consuming fire. There is a subjective side of these things which no one can dare to undervalue. The whole efficacy of what Christ has done can be realized only when He is formed in us the hope of glory. And unless we, who are by nature dead, are born again, and have that new life in us which will bring forth the peaceable fruits of righteousness, no mere theories of salvation however sound will be of any avail for us. A learned theologian is not necessarily a child of God. It were better to have less knowledge and more love. The acumen which enables a man to defend his views may be vitiated by rancor which is not compatible with the Spirit of Jesus. It is well enough for us all to think of this. The hatred of theologians has become a proverb. The fiercest conflicts the world has ever known have been in the supposed interests of Christianity. And this has not been a warfare of the Church against the world, but of brethren against brethren. The very Sacrament of our Lord's Body and blood, which involves the closest communion of saints has been perverted into an occasion for strife which has separated men most widely, and the lines of the hosts of God which extend through ages, have bristled with the pikes and bayonets of controversy.

In many cases there may have been necessity for this. Arianism at one time was very near becoming the successor of the Church, and heresies have often called for vigorous uncompromising resistance. We are to be first pure and then peaceable, and it is not to be thought strange that men should contend most earnestly for what they regard as the faith once delivered to the saints. We can have no confidence in a quietude that is attained at the expense of principle. But there may be a false zeal which degenerates into mere asperity and violates the law of charity without which even Paul would have been as a sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal.

Say what we will, the want of this love more than anything else prevents men from coming into harmony, and until all hatred is banished, men will never agree. Like the stags on the mountain they may die with their antlers locked and leave their bleached bones in evidence that they were worn

out by an entanglement from which they could not free themselves.

PROTESTANT GIRLS IN ROMISH SCHOOLS.

Among the startling statements made, upon apparently good authority, is one which says, that "there are at this time in this country thirty-five thousand girls from professedly Protestant families in attendance upon Roman Catholic schools: and it is claimed by the managers of these schools, that one of every ten of the girls in these schools is converted to the Romish faith; that three of every ten learn to hate Protestantism for life, and that the large proportion of the whole become indifferent for the rest of their lives to all Protestantism in the simplicity of its faith and its worship." These girls are to be the mothers of the next generation, and their influence no one can fully estimate. And yet many Protestant schools are languishing for want of patronage. They do not receive the fostering care that would make them efficient, and then any supposed want in this direction, is made an excuse for sending daughters and wards to institutions where subserviency to the Church of Rome is the governing aim.

JUNE GLORIES.

The world of nature must be looked upon as ever falling back to decay. All its forms are passing away. Like the flow of the waves, their very appearance of sameness is kept up in the midst of change and by its means. The flower that blooms to-day, to-morrow dies, and although one thing of like kind succeeds to another, nothing continues in the same stay. When viewed aright the constitution of the hills is as truly transient as the constitution of the clouds that are born in the sky and scattered in a single hour. The rocks that underlie the mountains are not the basis of the "kingdom that shall have no end." We gaze upon the outward world, and with God's written word in our hands, we realize, that it must undergo catastrophe and re-globe its greenness in the golden light ere there can be the new heaven and the new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness.

Still there is an earnest of all this in what we see now. There are glories of earth and sea and sky, which no one who is not wanting in true taste can fail to enjoy, and this is the time to look out upon them. Surely the Divine hand has girded the earth with zones of wondrous beauty, and neither the glittering whiteness of the north, nor yet the flaming bloom of the tropics, can be as pleasing to the eye as the emerald softness of our own clime.

Almost every one living out in the broad country can now stand upon his own threshold and see enough to charm his senses, and fill his mind with rapture. It seems to us that there is a more growing appreciation of all this beauty. The verdant fields with their buttercups and daisies excite the admiration of those who once looked upon them with indifference. We are glad to see this.

But half of the beauties of the world around us are unknown to some people. Those who have never been in our mountains at the season of the azalias and rhododendrons; and especially those who have never seen the laurel in its glory, know little of the wealth of bloom, with which God has decked the ridges that look so blue in the distance. The meetings of the Mercersburg Classis, in Bedford county during years past were always a joy to us, because we went through the gaps and over the heights, when all the way-side was planted with flowers. Many will call to mind the ride along Juniata with the shaded river on the one side, and the brown rocks crowned with pinks on the other; and the memories are fragrant as were the flowers.

We were in the mountains around our old pastoral home, just three hours one day last week. The little car that whirled us over bridges and around the base of the white rocks seemed like a thing of life; the streams babbled joyously as we went along, and the road-bed was fringed with scarlet poppies that looked as gay as a gypsy's scarf. The faces of the two Presbyterian divines who were with us

seemed as radiant as if the flush of the bright flowers had clung to them; the sturdy men were as joyous as a brace of Methodist ministers going to a camp-meeting. We thought and talked of Bro. Gray of the Chicago Interior and wished for his presence.

But O! the mountains! What cared we for the dampness? It was only the veil of amethyst that we had seen hung there before. Never was that bright spot prettier. The laurel, with its rich glossy leaves was all aglow with its pink and white blossoms, delicate as the cheeks of a young girl whose blushes tell of love. No one can look closely at a single spray or floweret without being impressed with the fineness of the structure. And then the profusion seems almost prodigal. Peeping out between the dark spruce trees, smiling from under the distant copse-wood—everywhere, for miles away, the modest blossoms invite attention and almost call forth a protest against an abundance too great to be enjoyed. One feels like an old pastor, with all the soul-eyed children of his congregation around him in a summer garden; there are too many of them to be noticed at one time. God's own flower mission seems to be a waste of material. And yet there is nothing grotesque in nature; nothing put in simply to fill up space. Everything is immanent and has its meaning. We cannot wonder that the old pagan who knew no higher revelation, looked upon the forces of the outward world as divine and preternatural, and the brethren who have lately enjoyed the ride to and from their annual meetings, will not think it strange that we penned this article on our way home.

THE MISSIONARY WORK.

The Missionary work, both Home and Foreign, is important, and should always engage the earnest attention of the whole Church of Christ. So important is it, indeed, that it is the express duty and interest of every disciple of Jesus to do all he can to promote it.

That it is the duty of all followers of Christ to do so, is evident from the command, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." For though the command was directly addressed only to the chosen eleven, yet there can be no doubt that it was designed for all the disciples of the Lord even to the end of the world. Upon Christians generally rests, accordingly, the obligation of doing what they can to bring the means of grace within the reach of all men. But that this may be done two things are necessary. First, missionaries are needed to go and preach the gospel, and secondly, material means are required for properly supporting them while engaged in their arduous labors. Both must be furnished by the Church, if the gospel is to be preached to every creature, and he who gives the means of support as well as he who directly preaches, may be said, therefore, to obey the command of the Lord. Now, all Christians cannot, in the very nature of things, be missionaries in the ordinary sense of the term, but all can and should be willing and liberal supporters of missionaries.

The duty of promoting the work of Missionaries may also be said to be involved in the command; "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." For there is no one among Christians who would not have others do him good. Every Christian, therefore, should be ready to do good to his fellow-men. Now, that it is doing good to the heathen and to such as may be without the gospel, to send them the gospel no one who believes in the Lord Jesus Christ can for a single moment doubt. Indeed, of all good, that which the gospel brings to men is the greatest. Those consequently who refuse or neglect to contribute to the cause of missions seriously fail to comply with the most important injunctions of the Great Head of the Church.

But it is not only the duty, but also the interest of Christians to do all they can to extend a knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus, and hence to promote the work of Missions. Mankind is not constituted as a sand-heap, and men are not independent of each other as are

grains of sand. On the contrary being originally united—having one common bond—men are all dependent one upon another, and this to such an extent that not one can suffer without others being affected thereby. Only, therefore, as any one promotes the happiness and well-being of others, can he truly promote the happiness and well-being of himself. In full accordance with this the Scriptures indicate that the consummation in blessedness and glory of every believer is dependent on the consummation in blessedness and glory of all God's elect. But if this be so, then, surely every Christian has a personal interest in doing all he can to extend Christ's kingdom among men and so to hasten the day of the Lord, when the redemption of God's children will be fully consummated and the highest blessedness and glory of the heavenly world be conferred upon them.

We would ask our readers carefully to consider the subject of missions in the light in which we have now endeavored briefly to present it. We fear there are not a few of them who do not realize the importance of the missionary work fully, and who fail to take the interest in it which its great importance demands.

T.

Notes and Quotes.

We are publishing the Minutes of the Classes as rapidly as possible. The brethren, we hope, will be patient, as we have not yet been able to make two things occupy the same space, at the same time.

Father Bjerring, who is pastor of the Greek-Russian Chapel in New York city, has obtained permission from St. Petersburg to publish a quarterly magazine, with a view of giving the English-speaking people, a fair statement of the tenets of the Orthodox Greek Church. The work, we should suppose, will be interesting and instructive.

The sudden death of Elder John Rodenmeyer, on the 4th inst., an account of which is given elsewhere by his pastor, will startle not only the brethren of Maryland Classis, from whose councils he had just returned, but the members of the Church at large to whom he was so well known. Mr. Rodenmeyer was conspicuous for his fidelity and usefulness in our Zion, and his loss will be felt beyond the bounds of the particular congregation to which he belonged.

We acknowledge the receipt of the Catalogue of Palatinate College, which seems to be in a flourishing condition. The names of one hundred and sixty-six pupils are given as having been connected with the institution during the past year. The school has the hearty endorsement of Lebanon Classis, under the auspices of which it stands especially, and with its efficient corps of teachers is doubtless doing a great work for the Church.

The following advertisement is quoted from an English paper: "A clergyman of the Church of England, thirty-nine, 5 ft. 9 in. considered good-looking, a widower, with an only daughter, wishes to hear from any lady with a view to marriage, who has from £6,000 to £12,000 at command, and would be willing to invest about £5,000 in the purchase of an advowson, (that is, the freehold of a church, rectory house and grounds,) in some beautiful locality, to produce £5,000 a year. Please write direct to the above reverend gentleman, * * * as this advertisement is genuine and bona fide. Address, etc."

The N. Y. Observer in remarking upon this says, "The advertiser would add considerably to his age, and probably lose his good looks before he would 'hear from any lady' in America 'with a view to marriage.'" Our contemporary seems to have an idea that the women on this side of the Atlantic are better "balanced" than the English maids and widows, but there is no telling how many of the number and variety we have here might have their heads turned. People of both sexes who have a great deal of solid sense on other subjects, act very foolishly when the question of marriage comes up.

THE CLASSIS OF ZION.

The Fifty-Eighth Annual Sessions of the Classis of Zion, Potomac Synod, were held in the Zion's Union Church, at Blaine, Perry county, Pa., beginning June the 1st, and ending June the 4th. The proceedings of all the sessions were characterized by great unanimity and peace.

The opening sermon was preached by the retiring President, the Rev. Israel S. Weisz, D.D., of York, Pa., from St. John xviii. 36, 37.

The attendance, both ministerial and lay, was very full, considering that the meeting was at the extreme end of Classis' territory, and twenty-five miles from a railroad station. Classis was organized by electing the Rev. Aaron Wanner, of York, President; Elder William A. Wilt, of York, Treasurer; and the Rev. John Ault, of Littlestown, Corresponding Secretary. The Rev. W. R. H. Deatrich, of Mechanicsburg, is the Stated Clerk.

The usual Standing Committees were appointed, which committees submitted very encouraging reports. These reports were received and adopted in the order in which they were submitted. From this routine of business some points of general interest are selected for the readers of THE MESSENGER.

Messrs. Samuel T. Wagner, from the Post-Graduate Department of Mercersburg College, and Ambrose D. Gring, from the Yale Divinity School, were licensed to preach the Gospel.

A session of the Classis was devoted to the Sunday-school work, and stirring addresses on various subjects, relating to this department of Christian activity, were delivered by the Revs. Aaron Wanner, M. Kieffer, D.D., A. H. Kremer, D.D. and I. S. Weisz, D.D.

The Rev. Wm. D. Lefever was received from Mercersburg Classis.

The pastoral relation between the Rev. Sol. B. Shafer and the Sulphur Spring charge was dissolved, and the brother dismissed to the East Susquehanna Classis.

The Rev. F. E. Vandersloot was dismissed, at his own request, to the Classis of Virginia. The Mt. Pleasant charge, in York county, was referred to the Committee on Reconstruction for said county.

All the absent brethren were excused. Classis assumed \$500 of the Marysville church debt on condition that the congregation redeem its pledge immediately to raise the balance.

In reference to the communication from the Mercersburg Classis, overturning this Classis for the payment by the Newburg charge of three-eighths of the apportionment on the Shippensburg charge for Mercersburg College, made in 1870, while the Newburg congregation was a part of the Shippensburg charge, Classis adopted the following action, namely:—

"That, whilst we appreciate the efforts of Mercersburg Classis to collect its apportionment for the College, yet, inasmuch as the Newburg congregation is in exceedingly strained circumstances (so that it is with great difficulty that it can maintain its own existence), and, inasmuch as this Classis does not raise monies by the apportionment system, but by voluntary pledges and offerings, we as a Classis do not feel justified in asking said congregation to assume the payment of the amount specified."

The Rev. M. Kieffer, D.D., A. J. Heller, and Elder John Stallsmith were appointed a Committee on Reconstruction of pastoral charges in Adams county.

Pledges and voluntary offerings were made to Missions, Beneficial Education, Sustentation and Church Extension by most of the pastoral charges.

The Rev. M. Kieffer, D.D., was requested by Classis to confer with the absent brethren, and secure pledges from them concerning these important objects.

The question propounded: "At what age may children be baptized without confirmation?" was referred to a special committee to report at the next annual meeting of Classis, consisting of the Rev. Amos H. Kremer, D.D., Aaron Spangler, and Elder Charles A. Shultz.

The request of the Rev. J. Marion Mickleby to organize a congregation in the village of Newburg was granted.

The Classis resolved itself into four Sunday-School Convention Districts, namely:—

First, The pastoral charges of Perry county. The Rev. W. Henry Heilman Superintendent.

Second, The pastoral charges of Cumberland county. The Rev. Amos H. Kremer, D.D., Superintendent.

Third, The pastoral charges of York county. The Rev. Aaron Spangler Superintendent, with power to subdivide the district if expedient.

Fourth, The pastoral charges of Adams county. The Rev. A. J. Heller Superintendent.

The respective Superintendents shall organize the Conventions and name the time and place for holding the first meetings.

St. Jacob's church of the Emanuel's charge, in York county, was selected as the place, and the third Friday in May (the 16th) A. D. 1879, at 7 o'clock in the evening, was fixed upon as the time for holding the next annual meeting of Zion's Classis.

Classis having finished the business claiming its attention, it closed with the usual religious services.

STATED CLERK.

June 7, 1878.

Report On the State of Religion and Morals in the Classis of Zion.

Some of the parochial reports, of which we propose to furnish a brief "review," speak of hindrances in the way of the progress of the Gospel and of the coming of the Kingdom of God within our Classical limits. In some instances there have been opposition and even persecution. Indeed all our pastors and congregations have had their trials and tribulations, in one form or another. Yet all seem to be encouraged and hopeful. Our churches generally are in a healthy and prosperous condition. The watchmen upon the walls of Zion have been faithful. They have evidently been faithful in their studies, in making their preparations for the pulpit, and in preaching the Gospel of the Kingdom to those who wait upon their ministry. The sacraments have also been administered faithfully to an unusually large number of recipients. No previous year of our history as a Classis has reported a larger number of baptisms than the year that has just closed. Thus the unconfirmed membership of the Church has been greatly increased, and it is truly encouraging to notice, that the true idea of Christian nurture is coming to its blessed actualization in the family, in the Sunday-school, in the catechetical class, and also in the sanctuary. The obligation resting upon

parents to raise their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, is coming to be more deeply felt and acknowledged: they have come to realize pretty generally that they and their households are not their own, but belong to their faithful Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, who with His precious blood hath made a full satisfaction for all our sins, and delivered us from all the power of the devil.

The children of the Church have also come to enjoy the privilege and advantages of good Sunday-schools. The relation of the Sunday-school to the congregation, to its pastor, and consistory, have come to be so well understood as to secure for it the kind of instruction and care which will secure for it its best spiritual interests, and make it a nursery for the Church. In this way the Great Shepherd and Bishop of souls takes the tender lambs of His flock into the arms of His love, and grants them His protecting care.

The catechising of the young, with a view to their confirmation in the grace which they received in baptism, and their full communion in the Church, was attended to during the year with encouraging success. In this way nearly all the congregations have received large additions, whilst at the same time the numbers have been increased by the members received by certificate, and by renewal of the profession of faith. Thus many have been added to the Church "of such as shall be saved."

Large and encouraging also have been the communions, during the year. Our people are coming to realize more and more the presence of the Lord in the Eucharist. They eat the sacramental bread and drink the wine discerning the Lord's body. Nor do they forsake the assembling of themselves together to hear God's holy word, and to worship Him in the way of His appointment in the sanctuary. Every Lord's day that word has been faithfully preached, it has had free course amongst us and has been glorified. Our people are evidently becoming more and more conscious of the rich contents of our "undoubted Christian faith." They are apprehending that by which they are apprehended. Christ is to them, and us, all in all: "in Him all fulness dwells." For this reason doubtless, as the reports of the brethren generally testify, the leading festivals of the Church Year, which celebrate the central and essential facts of our holy religion, have been generally observed. Our people are coming to know by a blessed experience what is meant by the seasons of Christmas, the Epiphany, Lent, Good Friday, Easter, and Pentecost. The objective realities are making themselves felt and understood as internal and personal realities for the new creation, sanctification, and glorification of every individual believer.

New church edifices have been erected within our bounds, and old ones remodeled and beautified, at a great expense, showing that whilst, not as much money as might be desired, has been contributed to the various benevolent objects of the Church, much has been given for local interests, thus demonstrating that the design is to lengthen the cords of Zion by strengthening her stakes.

It is a noteworthy fact, that the lives and health of the ministerial brethren of Classis have been precious in the sight of the Lord. Not one of them has been removed, during the year, by death—not one has become disabled by disease or age. Not a star has disappeared from our constellation. One that we had taken to be a star, having proved himself to be only a meteor, has fallen and gone out of view. Our only duty is to pray, that God may have mercy on his soul, and not show him his error, and bring him to know the truth as it is in Jesus. We are grateful for the Providence which has sent so suitable a man to fill the vacancy created by that apostate, and that the particular church, whose very existence was imperiled by it, has now a pleasing prospect of recovering its losses, and of regaining the high position which it once occupied.

Truly as a Classis, we have great reason to be thankful to the Triune God for what He has wrought in our midst. The waste places of our Zion are being built up, her divisions are being healed. The Lord is in her midst, and He has blessed us, and is blessing us with unity, prosperity and peace. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits."

Respectfully submitted,
M. KIEFFER,
J. S. WEISZ,
AARON SPANGLER,
JOHN SNYDER,
REUBEN LAUER.

TOHICKON CLASSIS.

Tohickon Classis convened in its Fifth Annual Session in the Reformed Church at Applebachsville, Bucks county, Pa., on Ascension Day, May 30th, at 7 1/2 o'clock, P. M.

The opening or Classical sermon was preached by the retiring President, Rev. Jacob Kehm, from 1 Tim. iv. 16: "Take heed unto thyself and unto the doctrine; continue in them: for in doing this thou shalt both save thyself and them that hear thee."

All the ministers of Classis attended its sessions, except brother W. R. Yearick, whose infirmity made it impossible for him to be present, especially as the state of the weather was so uninviting. The delegation on the part of the eldership was complete. Rev. A. F. Ziegler, the pastor loci, was elected President, and Elder Elias Shellenberger was re-elected Treasurer. Rev. N. Z. Snyder remains *Stated Clerk*.

During the reading of parochial reports, a committee, consisting of Revs. A. B. Koplin, Jacob Kehm and Elder M. J. Hess, was appointed to prepare a minute on the law governing the temporal relations between pastor and people.

Another committee, composed of Revs. E. L. Gerhart, D. Rothrock and Elder John E. Dubbs, was appointed to prepare a pastoral letter on the subject of benevolence, to be addressed to the congregations under the care of Classis. The reports of these two committees were afterwards incorporated into one paper, which is to appear in the form of a pastoral letter.

In the interest of the Sunday-school cause, Classis adopted a preamble and certain resolutions, as a constitutional basis on which to organize a permanent Sunday-school Convention. The ministers and delegate elders of Classis, and the Sunday-school Superintendents of schools within the bounds of Classis, who are members of the Reformed Church, or such members of the Reformed Church as may be delegated by any of the said schools to take the place of the Superintendent, are to constitute the membership of the Convention.

In accordance with these resolutions, Classis met in Convention on Monday evening. Rev. A. B. Koplin was chosen *President*, Rev. J. M.

Hartzell *Vice-President*, Rev. N. Z. Snyder *Secretary*, and Elder M. J. Hess *Treasurer*, for the ensuing year. After the necessary business was attended to the following subjects were discussed: "The benefit of the Sunday-school to the Church," by Rev. A. B. Koplin; "The best Method of conducting a School," by Rev. J. M. Hartzell, and "The Necessity of the Members co-operating with the Pastor in the Sunday-school Work," by the Rev. N. Z. Snyder. These addresses were followed by remarks from other members of the Convention. Dr. Theodore Appel addressed the Convention on the mission work in Sunday-schools and congregations. The President of this organization is to report to Classis at its annual session. The next meeting of the Convention will be held at Hellertown, Northampton county. The time will be fixed by the officers, together with the *pastor loci*.

The following resolutions were adopted by Classis:

Resolved, That hereafter all credentials of delegates to Classis be sent to the Stated Clerk at least fifteen days before the time of meeting, enabling him to have a complete roll by the opening of Classis.

Resolved, That hereafter the first named on the list of delegates to Synods be regarded as chairman of the delegation, who shall submit a report to Classis of the whole delegation, including the bills of expense.

The Classis adopted a series of resolutions, expressive of its sympathy with the Rev. W. R. Yearick, in his severe and long-protracted affliction; and in the way of giving tangible expression of its interest in his behalf, entered upon a plan of operations looking to a proper provision for his temporal necessities.

All the recommendations of Synod were adopted, and pastors instructed to organize auxiliary missionary societies in their congregations as far as practicable.

Classis adjourned to meet at Ridge Valley, Bucks county, Pa., on the first Friday in June at 7 1/2 o'clock, P. M.

N. Z. SNYDER,
Stated Clerk.

Report of the State of the Church in Tohickon Classis.

Dear Brethren:—In presenting the Report on the state of the Church, your Committee deem it proper and right, first and above all, to give thanks to the great Head of the Church for His continued presence during the past Classical year. As of old, He led His people by a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night, on their journey to the promised land, so He has guided us, a part of His Church militant, by His providence, grace and Spirit, through the storms of this eventful year. Eventful to many of us, pastors and people, as regards the affairs of this life, as well as those which have reference to that higher and more glorious life, by which we are related to that spiritual world.

In looking over the several reports of the different charges, we find them as uttering, with one voice, the hopeful condition of their respective congregations. In all cases, with few exceptions, we find the attendance upon the ministrations of God's house being on the increase; both as regards the preached word and the use of sacraments. This is certainly cheering, in these times when so many are making shipwreck with their religion.

A very encouraging feature also manifests itself in this, that our respective congregations are becoming more closely united in the general prosecution of the specific work entrusted to our care. Whilst we are earnest in presenting the objective side of our holy religion, we surely ought not to forget, that there is a subjective element entering into its composition; and these two elements, properly combined, will bring forth its true character in its full beauty and saving power.

Objective Christianity alone will finally land us in the cold region of formalism, if not in fearful indifference.

Subjective Christianity alone will hurl us into all kinds of "isms," and with opposite tendency will finally land us in the arms of infidelity. There is a beautiful commingling of these two elements in Christianity, which, if rightly apprehended, will finally manifest itself in the beautiful character of a faithful follower of the meek and lowly Jesus.

The Sunday-school work has received more attention during this Classical year than at any previous time, and has led to such measures as will, in the providence of God, we hope, do much in bringing this specific Church work in proper relations to our respective congregations, so that the flock may be properly nursed and cared for, by feeding them with pure milk and sound doctrine out of the word of God.

All our congregations are now standing in right relation to the proper authority—the Classis. And for this we ought to feel truly thankful to our heavenly Father in leading our people in such a way by which their hearts were inclined in this direction, feeling assured, that prosperity and peace can only come to those, who use their liberty in Christ in the bond of charity and in accordance with the will of God. Subjecting ourselves to the power that be, "for all powers are of God" for the perfecting of the saints to the honor and glory of God.

A great work is undoubtedly yet before us; until a proper relation is established between the different congregations. But by relying on the promises of our divine Lord and Master, "I will be with you even unto the end," and making a proper use of the talents given us, is it too much to hope, that the time is not far distant when every charge may be so situated as to maintain its pastor properly, and in a way becoming, and bring credit to pastor and people?

Benevolence within the bounds of the Classis is not what it should have been. This may have been brought about to some extent at least, by the financial troubles of the country. In some instances, and perhaps in the majority of instances, it may be the want of Christian charity. The subject of benevolence does not merely consist in gathering a certain amount of money, but to establish and cultivate that charitable spirit so necessary to a Christian character, so that we may realize the saying of our Lord, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." O! if we could only all realize, in all its fulness, that beautiful saying, "Thy prayers and thine alms have come before God and have been answered." The true Christian worship does certainly not exclude, but include, the giving of alms. But still, when we compare our doing in this respect with former years, taking all circumstances into account, we surely cannot feel discouraged, remembering that our congregations are not so largely blessed with the goods of this world, with few exceptions, as many of the other Classes are.

Peace and harmony prevail in our borders, with but very few exceptions, and these seem

to have arisen from trivial causes and seem to be only of a passing nature. Perfect peace and quiet is perhaps not the most desirable condition of a congregation; for it often indicates a state of death rather than a state of life. For where there is life there is activity, and the more life a congregation possesses the more active she will be. But the more active will the enemy also become, and of necessity a conflict will be the result.

Death has also been doing his work among us in removing from our sight many a beloved form to that land of joy where parting shall be no more. Though many a truly pious spirit has exchanged the Church militant for the Church triumphant, the lives of the ministry have all been spared, so much so, that they have been able to attend to their respective callings during the year without any interruptions. There is but one exception, viz: that of an aged father in Israel, who has borne many trials and afflictions, heat by day and the chills by night. And at present borne down by a heavy cloud of affliction and sorrow. Father Yearick has suffered for a long time the infirmity of the body, and seems to be contemplating to lay down the shepherd's crook—a calling in which he was so faithful—in which he labored so earnestly for the good of souls. We cannot close this report without expressing our heartfelt sympathy for him in his great affliction. O! may a ray of light from the Sun of Righteousness cheer the disconsolate heart.

And though the rest of us are still spared for further usefulness in this world, let us never forget, that we, too, are constantly passing away, not knowing the time nor the hour when we shall be called to render an account of our stewardship.

And now, unto Him, who has loved us, and washed us in His own blood, and made us heirs of eternal life, be glory, and power, and praise forever.

Respectfully submitted,
JACOB KEHM,
HENRY J. WELKER,
WILLIAM WALTERS.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL FESTIVAL AT FREDERICK, MD.

It is said, that the Sunday-school is the nursery of the Church, and as such, the Christian congregation regards the school, and gives it the place and prominence which it demands. This interest is assuming a higher place and position with every year, and no congregation now can afford to give it the cold shoulder. It is felt too, that the Sunday-school interests must stand in the nearest relation to the congregation and so directly under the control of the pastor and consistory. The loose, independent way, which used to prevail, now no longer answers the demand. Such an order the large and flourishing Sunday-school at Frederick, in the Reformed congregation, presents.

For years past this school celebrated its anniversary on Ascension Day of every year. This year the day opened auspiciously, and the congregation took part in the regular service at 10 A. M. The Sunday-school exercises were reserved for the afternoon, and a grand service this school offered. Under the care of our friend, Hon. L. H. Steiner, M. D., assisted by a corps of faithful teachers, the school made its way to the main body of the church, which was filled by the school and the congregation. It will be needless to attempt a description of the grand impressions which the service made. Especially the fine music and singing, of which the parts were magnificently grand. The exercises were, to say the least, impressive, and the children and all others present enjoyed them. There was one feature noticeable in this school, and that was, that many young men, not boys, and also young ladies, not girls, are connected with the school. There is a disposition in our day for the young early to consider themselves too big any longer to attend Sunday-school. What an honor to any young man or lady to entertain the thought, that no one becomes too old, or too big, to take part in the service of the Sunday-school! May these young people continue faithful in this duty, and may their example encourage many others to follow the same way, not only in the Sunday-school at Frederick city, but elsewhere!

The pastor, consistory and congregation may congratulate themselves on the success of this year's anniversary. The outlook is hopeful. Work is done in this interesting field, and is telling on the general interest of the congregation, and the labor of the faithful superintendent and teachers finds its reward in the success attending their labor in this department of Church work. May many more anniversaries be in store for this school, and for this Reformed congregation!

SUNDAY-SCHOOL CONVENTION IN MERCERSBURG CLASSIS.

The first Sunday-school Convention of Huntingdon and Blair counties, under the direction of a committee of Mercersburg Classis, was held at McConnellstown, Pa., on Tuesday and Wednesday, the 4th and 5th inst.

There was a full attendance of pastors and delegates, thirty-three in number, besides a number of brethren of the Presbyterian, Lutheran, Methodist, and Baptist Sunday-schools of the neighborhood, and altogether the convention was one of interest, and cannot be without good results to the school and community in which it was held.

The officers were A. C. Whitmer, President; Elder David Aurandt, Vice President, and Rev. J. M. Schick, Secretary. Three sessions of the convention were held on each day, and matters of Sunday-school interest were discussed. The reports from the Sunday-schools represented, were very interesting, and show that the lambs are being fed. Several of the country schools are reported as being successfully kept open during the last winter, and give encouragement to continue the practice.

An interesting feature of the convention was a children's service held on Tuesday afternoon. The school, by no means a small one, was fully present. Elder David Dunn conducted the service, and the children enjoyed their part of it considerably, if we may judge by the heartiness with which they sang, and the promptness with which they answered the questions, with which Rev. A. C. Whitmer gave variety to his address to the school. Besides Brother Whitmer, Rev. J. M. Schick and Elder David Dunn also made short addresses to the school.

The following topics were discussed at the convention. The discussions were opened by the persons named, and every subject was discussed by the members and visitors to the convention.

"Our responsibility as Christians in the

Sunday-school work," general discussion; "How can the youth be kept in the Sunday-school?" H. A. Falk, Altoona, Pa.; "The teacher's preparation its importance and method," Joseph Isenberg, McConnellstown, Pa.; "Should Sunday-schools promote the cause of Missions and how?" Licentiate J. M. Peighal, McConnellstown, Pa.; "The elements of a teacher's power," David Dunn, Huntingdon; "The service of song in Sunday-schools, its place and abuse," Rev. J. M. Schick, Orbisonia; "How can we best teach the Catechism?" Rev. A. G. Dole, Huntingdon, Pa.; "The Church, the Pastor and the Sunday-school," Rev. C. H. Reiter, James Creek, Pa.; "Sunday-school conventions, their benefit and how to conduct them," Dr. R. Meyers, Grafton, Pa.; "The infant-class, what to teach and how to teach it?" James A. Brown, Huntingdon; "How to ask questions," Rev. W. W. Campbell, Huntingdon.

There was a question box provided, and the questions proposed were answered by the members of the convention.

The interest continued to the end, and after an expression of thanks, the association adjourned to meet at the call of the executive committee of Classis. J. M. S.

Church News.

OUR OWN CHURCH.

SYNOD OF THE UNITED STATES.

Rev. S. B. Shafer, recently of Carlisle, Pa., has accepted a call from the church at Milton, Pa., and entered upon his new field of labor. His post office address is accordingly changed from Carlisle to Milton, Northumberland county, Pa.

In connection with the communion held on Whitsunday in Christ Reformed church, Philadelphia, Rev. G. H. Johnston, pastor, two persons were added to the church, one by baptism and confirmation and one by certificate.

The Sunday-schools connected with the several Reformed churches in Reading, Pa., celebrated their anniversaries on the 2d of June. St. Paul's church and the Second church were adorned with beautiful floral decorations. Services were held in the former in the morning, and were conducted by the pastor, the Rev. Dr. Bausman, who also addressed the audience at some length. The school embraces sixteen officers, forty-eight teachers and three hundred and fifty eight scholars. Sixty-nine new scholars were admitted during the year; thirty-seven withdrew, and there were four hundred and three visitors. Three hundred copies of the "Child's Treasury" and one hundred copies of "The Morning Light" are distributed. The contributions of the school for different purposes amounted to \$396.30. The school has been in existence five years. During the year, five grown persons connected with the school died. No deaths occurred among the children.

In the afternoon, St. Luke's mission school celebrated its anniversary. It numbers one hundred scholars, and has been in existence twelve years. The school was addressed by the Rev. Dr. Bausman and Messrs. John Ermentrout, W. H. Dechant and G. H. Mengel.

The school of the Second church held its anniversary in the evening. The services were presided over by the pastor, the Rev. Dr. C. F. McCauley. The annual report was read by the Superintendent, Horatio Jones. The school embraces twelve officers, thirty-five teachers, and three hundred and thirty-five scholars. Its library contains eight hundred and thirty-two volumes, and three hundred copies of the "Child's Treasury" are distributed. The contributions amounted to \$475. One teacher and four scholars died during the year.

On Whitsunday the school connected with St. John's church celebrated its anniversary. The pastor, the Rev. J. W. Steinmetz, presided on the occasion. The school is in a prosperous condition and manifests an exemplary spirit of benevolence. The decorations of the church were handsome, and added much to the joy of the occasion. The school has seventeen officers, twenty-five teachers, and three hundred and forty-four scholars. The contributions for school and other purposes amounted to \$263. A Bible class of forty-one members is taught by W. E. Good. Three scholars died during the year. Three hundred and twenty-five copies of the "Child's Treasury" and two hundred and forty Lesson Papers are distributed. The library contains five hundred and fifty volumes. The large church was filled with the scholars and their friends, and the occasion was one of much interest and pleasure.

SYNOD OF THE POTOMAC.

The Sunday-school connected with the church at Middletown, Md., Rev. F. F. Hoffmeier, pastor, celebrated its usual anniversary on Ascension day. From a report published in *The Valley Register*, of the place, we would infer that the occasion was one of great interest. A variety of appropriate emblems were employed, the significance of which was explained by the pastor. The services were opened and interspersed with excellent music. The parties all performed their parts well. Much rational entertainment was afforded, and salutary impressions, it is believed, were produced. The different classes made contributions to benevolence, and a collection was also taken up, the proceeds of which were devoted to the same object. The services of the occasion were closed by singing a thanksgiving hymn; the repetition of the Creed; the singing of the Gloria in Excelsis; the Lord's Prayer, and the benediction.

Eighteen persons were added to the Sulphur Springs charge, near Carlisle, Pa., until recently served by the Rev. S. B. Shafer, during the year closing with the month of May last, seventeen by confirmation and one by certificate.

PITTSBURGH SYNOD.

In connection with a late communion in the Harmony, Pa., charge, Rev. F. A. Edmonds, pastor, thirty-nine persons were added to the church by confirmation and certificate, of whom five are heads of families.

With the administration of the Lord's Supper in Trinity church, near Millville, Clarion county, Pa., on June 2d, the Spring communions in the charge, of which Rev. J. B. Thompson is pastor, were brought to a close. The services connected with the latter occasion were commenced on Thursday evening previous, continued daily, and closed on Sunday evening. The attendance on them was large, and a marked interest seemed to prevail. Seventeen persons were added to the church, sixteen by confirmation and one on renewed profession. The pastor was assisted in the services on Sunday morning by the Rev. T. S. Dietz, of the Jefferson charge. The accessions to this congregation since December 1,

1877, now reach sixty-three, fifty-eight by confirmation and five by certificate and renewed profession. The catechetical classes are still continued in this and in the Salem congregation. In the latter church the communion was held on the 26th of May, in connection with which five were added to the church by confirmation. In connection with the communion at Shannondale and Temple's church, three persons were added to the church by certificate, two at the former and one at the latter place. Since the commencement of the present pastorate December 1, 1877, eighty-six persons have been added to the church in the charge, seventy-seven by confirmation and nine by certificate and renewed profession.

WESTERN CHURCH.

Rev. J. R. Skinner, of Pulaski, Ohio, recently added twenty-three members to his charge, twenty by confirmation, nine of whom received adult baptism, and three on renewal of profession.

Five persons were recently added to the church in connection with a communion held in St. Jacob's church, of the charge of which the Rev. J. T. Hale, of New Lisbon, Ohio, is pastor.

The Jerusalem mission at Bremen, Ohio, of which the Rev. J. W. Barber is pastor, has received six additions to its membership, two by confirmation, three by renewal of profession and one by certificate.

ORGAN DEDICATION.

The organ recently purchased by the Reformed congregation of Laurelton (a part of the "Mifflinburg charge," from Mr. P. Brown of Lewisburg, was dedicated May 9th, (Pentecost) with appropriate services. Rev. Dr. J. C. Bucher preached twice during the day; in the morning a dedicatory sermon based upon the last Psalm; and in the evening a Pentecostal discourse. The discourses were both able, and delivered in that earnest manner, for which Dr. Bucher is distinguished. Prof. T. M. Carter, organist of the Reformed congregation of Mifflinburg, presided at the instrument, and by his artistic skill, so peculiar to himself, brought out beautifully and effectually, its various qualities of tone and power.

The collection amounted to more than was required to pay for the instrument, leaving an excess to be applied to the liquidation of the church debt. When it is remembered, that this small congregation only a few years ago, erected a church edifice costing, with the lot, in labor and cash, not less than two thousand dollars, which sum is covered by subscription, and nearly all paid, it must be confessed that this small flock deserves high commendation, for its energy, zeal and liberality in the cause of Christ. G.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

For the Annual Commencement of Franklin and Marshall College, 1878.

Sunday, June 16th, at 10 P. M., Baccalaureate Sermon by Rev. T. G. Apple, D. D.

Tuesday, June 18th—Meeting of the Board of Trustees, at 2 P. M.

Wednesday, June 19th—Meeting of Alumni and Society Reunions, at 8 A. M.; Alumni Dinner at 1 P. M.; Class Day Exercises, at 2 P. M.; Address before the Literary Societies, at 8 P. M.

Thursday, June 20th—Commencement at 9 A. M.

Visitors travelling by way of the Pennsylvania, Philadelphia and Erie, Northern Central, or Cumberland Valley Railroads will receive orders for excursion tickets by addressing the Secretary of the Faculty. Excursion tickets will be sold to all persons desiring to attend the Commencement at all stations on the main line of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad, between Pottsville and Norristown, and on the East Pennsylvania and Reading and Columbia branches.

JOS. HENRY DUBBS,
Secretary of the Faculty.
Lancaster, Pa. June 6th, 1878.

COMMENCEMENT WEEK AT MERCERSBURG COLLEGE.

The exercises attending Commencement Week at Mercersburg College, will be unusually interesting. The Alumni Address will be delivered by Rev. I. M. Motter, of Waynesboro, class of '74, on Monday, June 14th, 7:30 P. M. Anniversary Washington Irving Literary Society, Tuesday, June 25th, 7:30 P. M. Wednesday, June 26th, 2 P. M., Address to Literary Societies, J. D. Detrich, A. M., White Marsh, Pa. Wednesday evening, commencement exercises; Master Oration, I. N. Peightal, McConnellstown, Pa.; Conferring Degrees; Baccalaureate Address. The names of the graduating class are as follows: A. A. Black, D. J. Dixon, Edgar S. Hassler, C. K. Kiesacker, T. B. Leiter, E. Mackey, Geo. B. Resser, A. S. Reynolds, J. T. White. The music will be furnished by Prof. Weber's Orchestra of Harrisburg, Pa.

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES AT URSINUS COLLEGE.

The exercises of Commencement Week at Ursinus College, Freeland, Pa., will be as follows:

Sunday evening, June 23d, Baccalaureate Sermon by the President, Rev. J. H. A. Bomberger, D. D., in Reformed Church, Trappe.

Tuesday evening, June 25th, address before the Alumni of the college, in Ursinus chapel by the Rev. Jacob G. Neff, (class of '74) of Kutztown, Pa.

Wednesday, June 26th, 10 A. M., meeting of the Board of Directors. At 2 P. M. business meeting of the Alumni in the college parlor. At 8 P. M. address before the literary societies of the college in the chapel, by the Rev. Dr. Van Horn of Philadelphia. At 9:30 P. M., Reunion of the Alumni in Hobson's Hall, Freeland. Toasts by the members of the different classes.

Thursday, 10 A. M., Commencement Exercises proper in Trinity Christian Church, Freeland. At 8 P. M., President's Levee.

The usual arrangements for excursion rates by the different railroads have been made. Good accommodations at moderate rates can be had at Prospect Terrace, adjoining the college grounds.

Married.

On May 30th, at the parsonage of the Reformed church, New Providence, by Rev. D. B. Shuey, Mr. Abner D. Shaub to Miss Sarah A. Huber, both of Camargo, Lane Co., Pa.

Youth's Department.

"WHAT IS DEATH?"

BY MRS. GILMAN.

"Mother, how still the baby lies!
I cannot hear his breath;
I cannot see his laughing eyes—
They tell me this is death.

"My little work I thought to bring,
And sat down by his bed,
And pleasantly I tried to sing—
They hushed me—he is dead.

"They say that he again will rise,
More beautiful than now;
That God will bless him in the skies—
Oh, mother, tell me how!"

"Daughter, do you remember, dear,
The cold, dark thing you brought
And laid upon the casement here—
A withered worm, you thought?"

"I told you that Almighty power
Could break the withered shell,
And show you, in a future hour,
Something would please you well.

"Look at the chrysalis, my love—
An empty shell it lies;—
Now raise your wondering glance above,
To where yon insect flies!"

"Oh, yes, mamma! how very gay
Its wings of starry gold!
And see! it lightly flies away
Beyond my gentle hold.

"Oh, mother, now I know full well,
If God that worm can change,
And draw it from this broken cell,
On golden wings to range,—

"How beautiful will brother be,
When God shall give him wings,
Above this dying world to flee,
And live with heavenly things!"

WHAT ARE WE TO DO WITH OUR TROUBLES?

Everybody has troubles, little people as well as big ones, home troubles, and school troubles—some which we make for ourselves, and some which others make for us.

"I cried unto the Lord, and He heard me and delivered me from all my troubles," said King David, long, long years ago. But I can tell of a little child who cried unto the Lord, and He heard her and delivered her out of her troubles, for God is no respecter of persons. Old and young, and little ones too, He cares for all.

Lucy was a little girl who, like all other little girls, had a birthday once a year. But she was more fortunate than tens of thousands of poor little girls, for she had always presents on that day, many and handsome. This birthday that I am to tell you about she began in unusual happiness, soon to change into, for her, unusual misery. Amongst the many presents which she found lying on the side-table, when, all smiles and hopes, she entered the breakfast-room, was one in a long, narrow parcel. It was the largest of all, and it was from Auntie, loving, generous Auntie. What could it be? It would, at least, be sure to be something very, very nice. After a hasty and happy glance at all the rest of the things, Lucy begged Mamma to open this long, narrow parcel. The string was cut, the cover was unfolded, and, lo! a beautiful white satin-paper box, with gilt edges and gilt corners, appeared. But the box was not the present, it had something in it. So on tip-toe of excitement Lucy lifted the lid; still the present was not seen, only pretty lace frilling all along the edges inside the box, which covered whatever there was beneath. "What could it be, with such a very pretty box to carry it and such delicate frills to cover it?" thought delighted Lucy, and she turned the frills back and looked underneath, but only to see a roll of paper. Then the roll of paper was lifted out of the box and carefully unrolled, when, what do you think she found? a beautiful blue parasol. It had a smooth white handle, which doubled in the middle, a white silk lining, and a deep blue fringe; and it was as delicate and pretty a thing as heart could wish. At the sight of it Lucy was in ecstasies of delight. At once she put it up and strutted round the room with it, happy as a queen.

In a minute or two a thought struck Lucy. She went to the window, and having looked out into the road, she turned to her mamma and said, in her most loving way, "Oh, Mamma! do let me go out for a walk. It will be so

nice to go for a walk, Mamma." "Well," yes, my darling, you may go, though it is not a very nice day." "And with my parasol?" asked Lucy. "With your parasol!" exclaimed Mamma, and then, looking out of the window at the very dull February sky, and with a smile on her kind face, she added, "There is no need of a parasol such a dull day as to-day."

Now this day was, as Mamma had said, dull, and mist lay on the fields. It looked, too, like rain. But poor Lucy, almost in tears at her mamma's decision, pleaded, "Oh, do let me take my parasol! it may be fine. The sun might come out. Do, dear mamma, do let me take it." Now Lucy's Mamma was very fond of Lucy, and she did not want her to do a foolish thing and to be laughed at by all the girls of the village; so she said, very gently, "No, my pet; you may go for a walk, but not with your parasol." Then Lucy burst into tears, and forgetting that it was unwise as well as naughty to be self-willed, she said, "Oh, Mamma, it is unkind, it is unkind!" At length, as it was Lucy's birthday, and her Mamma was especially unwilling on that day to grieve her, Lucy was permitted to go her walk and to take her parasol. Lucy was delighted, but Lucy's kind Mamma was very sorry, almost angry.

Gay and glad, away tripped Lucy down the village, all the way thinking how people must admire her blue parasol, then into the fields, to return home another way. The footpath in the fields was of wet and slippery clay, and the clay stuck to Lucy's boots. So as she was mounting a stile—which was like a little ladder up one side of a hedge-bank and down the other—at the top round her little foot slipped. She fell forward with all her weight on to her blue parasol, and, sad to tell, crushed the beautiful silk into the mud, and broke the handle right in two. Poor Lucy! When she stood over her ruined treasure and saw what she had done, how miserable she was, and oh, what tears she shed! She had hurt herself, but that was not the reason for her misery and tears—her mind was in trouble. Her first thought was of her Mamma, then of her own self-will, then of what Auntie would say.

With a broken heart she picked up the parasol, and, as best she could, rubbed off the dirt from the silk with her handkerchief. But what could she do with the handle? "Oh, what shall I do, what shall I do?" she sobbed, as through blinding tears she looked at her broken present. Then Lucy thought of God, and of how her mother had taught her that God heard prayer, and she wondered if God would hear her prayer, and if He would mend her parasol, and help her out of her great trouble. Then she said to herself she would try. So away she trudged, looking for a quiet corner in the field, where nobody could see her, and when she had found one, putting the broken pieces of the handle together, and pressing them with all her little might, broken-hearted and wretched, she knelt down, shut her eyes, and prayed. It was an earnest prayer. Then she looked at the parasol handle and gently tried it, but it was broken still. And again she shut her eyes, and prayed even more earnestly than before, "O God do mend my parasol!"—and then thinking of her own self-will—"I will be a good girl if you will. Oh, do mend it!" Then she opened her eyes again, and gently touched the broken part, but only to find that it was not mended. So poor Lucy had another good cry, and wished, oh, how much! that she had done what her mamma wanted her to do. But it was all too late now, and God would not help her. At length she arrived at her home, rang the bell, and at the opening of the door, rushed into her Mamma's room, told her mamma her troubles, and added, "And I asked God to mend it, and He won't, I've been so naughty. Oh, mamma! do forgive me;" and she fell into her Mamma's arms and sobbed as if she must sob her little soul away. Now, the sight of the greatness of poor Lucy's grief, and especially the fact that Lucy had thought of God in her trouble,

softened and pleased Mamma so much, that she replied at once, "Oh yes, Lucy, I'll forgive you; don't cry so. Let us pray together, my pet, that God may help Lucy to give up her own will." So what Lucy most feared—her Mamma's displeasure—passed away, and they prayed. And Lucy loved her Mamma more from that day, and Mamma loved her Lucy more. She had another parasol, and, what was more precious to Lucy, another and a better spirit. And so God answered Lucy's prayer. She cried unto God in her troubles, and He delivered her from them. Only her way out of them was one, and God's way out of them was another—a way, too, as Lucy knew in the end, far better than hers. He did more than she had asked: He turned away the anger of her mamma; He gave her, too, a whole-handled parasol; but He gave her far more—a wiser mind, a more submissive will, and the beginning of a happier, more loving, and more beloved life.—*Churchman.*

PUT SOME SALT IN IT.

"Mother, what makes you put salt in everything you cook? Everything you make you put in a little salt, and sometimes a great deal."

So spoke observing little Annie, as she stood "looking on."

"Well, Annie, I'll make you a little loaf of bread without any salt, and see if you can find it out."

"O, mother! it doesn't taste a bit good," said she, after she had tasted it. "Why not?"

"You didn't put any salt in it."

"Mother," said Annie, a day or two afterward, "Jane Wells is the worst girl I ever saw; she slaps her little brother, and pulls his hair, and acts real hateful. When I told her it was naughty to do so, and if she would be kind to her little brother he would be kind to her, she only spoke rough to me, and hit him again. Why won't she take my advice, mother?"

"Perhaps you didn't put any salt in it. Season your words with grace, my child. Ask help of God in all you say and do, and your words, spoken in the spirit of Christ, will not fall to the ground. Don't forget to put salt in it, or else it won't taste good." "Let your speech be always with grace, seasoned with salt." (Col. 4: 6.)—*British Eeangelist.*

A LITTLE EVERY DAY.

A little helpfulness every day. We live for the good of others, if our living be in any sense true living. It is not in great deeds that the only blessing is found. In "little deeds of kindness," repeated every day, we find true happiness. At home, at school, in the street, in the neighbor's house, on the play ground, we shall find opportunity every day for usefulness.

A little look into the Bible every day. One chapter a day! What a treasure of Bible knowledge one may acquire in ten years! Every day a verse committed to memory. What a volume in the mind at the end of twenty-five years!

A little knowledge every day. One fact in a day. How small a fact is one fact! Only one! Ten years pass by. Three thousand six hundred and fifty facts are not a small thing.

A FAMOUS STATESMAN'S EARLY TRAINING.

When Sir Robert Peel was a little boy, his father used to set him on a table and teach him to make short speeches; and, while still very young, he accustomed him to repeat as much of the Sabbath's sermon as he could recollect. At first, it is said, the boy found some difficulty, and did not make great progress; but he steadily persevered, and soon attention and perseverance were rewarded, and he was able to repeat the sermon almost word for word. It was in this way that he began to cultivate those powers of memory which he displayed so brilliantly when, in after life, he became one of the most distinguished statesmen of his country.—*Little Folks' Magazine.*

WILLY'S RULE.

BY FANNY PERCIVAL.

Little Willy has invented
Just the oddest sort of rule
For the tasks that do not please him,
Given him at home or school.

So absurd a rule as his is
Never yet was found in books.
Here it is, and you'll acknowledge
How ridiculous it looks.

"Always say you cannot do it
Long before you've really tried.
Pout a little, cry a little,
Think of everything beside.

"If it still does not come easy,
Pout and frown a little more;
Cry considerably harder,
Also longer than before.

"Should all this be insufficient,
There is nothing else to do
But to give it up entirely;
It is quite too hard for you."

Oh! the hours that he has wasted,
And the tears, at home and school,
Trying to do tasks assigned him
By this very silly rule.

And it seems a thing the strangest
That he keeps on using it,
When he knows as well as can be
That it doesn't help a bit.

Will the bright idea, I wonder,
Ever come into his head
That 'twere well to drop this poor rule,
And use helpful ones instead?

—Independent.

THE GRASSHOPPER AND ITS TALE.

Whenever I go to London I always stand at the corner of the Bank of England for a minute or two, watching the crowd of busy men hurrying everywhere. What thousands of cares they carry! How many anxieties! Then I look at the Royal Exchange. It is pleasant to see the London sparrows, though they are a little black and grimy, chirping on the massive cornices, as free and happy as possible, above the din and awful hurry of the great city. They have no cares, no anxieties. They seem to know what the great letters mean, which are cut on the stones on which they hop. "The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof." God keeps the sparrows, and they are happy. I wish the busy city men would watch the sparrows, and read the great city text.

But the sparrows and the text are not the most attractive things about the Exchange, and I am sure if you look at it, you would think as I do—that the weathercock is the most singular and curious thing about the building. It is not like any other weathercock in England, or I should think in the world; for there, twisted on the pinnacle of the spire, is a monster grasshopper; and I'll tell you how it came to be there.

About three hundred and fifty years ago, a woman with a little baby in her arms was trudging along a country lane. Presently, after looking to see that no one was watching her, she climbed over a gate into the field, and wrapping the baby in its little shawl, she laid it down in the grass so gently as not to awake it, and then, never even looking behind her, she climbed over the gate again into the lane, and went on her journey.

The baby soon awoke, and began to cry; and it cried for a long, long time. And at last, tired and hungry, and hot with the sun, for it was a fine summer's day, it was wearied out, and dropped off to sleep again. "But God had heard the voice of the lad," and see how simply He brought help for the little one.

By-and-by, down the lane came a school-boy; he was whistling away, as happy as ever he could be. He had come out of school and was going home. He lived at the farm-house a little way further up the lane. Now he gathered a few primroses, now he scampered after a butterfly, now he had a shy at a bird; but just as he came to the gate over which the woman had climbed, he heard a grasshopper chirping away so loudly that he sprang over the gate to catch him; and there was the baby, fast asleep! Far more pleased than if he had caught a hundred grasshoppers, the boy took up the little fellow and ran home with his prize. The kind farmer's wife, although she had many children of her own, at once determined to keep the little orphan who had been saved from death by a grasshopper.

Years passed away and the baby became a strong boy; the boy grew to be a man; he went to London, and became

a merchant. God blessed all he did, and he rose to be the most noted man in the city. Queen Elizabeth was then on the throne, and often did she send for Sir Thomas Gresham, for the little deserted boy had become a knight, to consult him on the great affairs of state.

Just three hundred years ago Sir Thomas Gresham founded the Exchange. The queen came to dine with him, and to lay the first stone; and there, upon the topmost pinnacle, Sir Thomas placed a grasshopper; and there it is to-day, to tell the busy, toiling city, and to tell you and me, when we go to see the city, that Almighty God will hear the infant's cry, and can save a valuable life by even such a little thing as a grasshopper.

So it was that "God heard the voice of the lad."—*Presbyterian.*

STROKE BY STROKE.

"Father," said James Barker. He spoke as one who is about to ask a favor which he fears will not be granted.

Mr. Barker was washing his face at the pump. He raised his dripping head long enough to ask, in his gruff way, "What do you want?"

"I want to go to the academy this winter."

"Well, you will have to want, I expect."

"Now, father," interceded Mrs. Barker, "it does seem too bad. You know he has gone as far as he can at the school-house; and Miss French says that he is a right smart scholar."

"Can't help it," replied Mr. Barker. "There'll be schooling to pay, books and clothes to buy, and I haven't got the money."

With a sad heart, James sat down at the supper table. His father, kind though rough, saw his disappointment, and tried to think of some way to help. At length he said: "I've got the job of cleaning Mr. Martin's wood-lot. You may come in and work with the men; and if you can earn enough before school begins to pay for your schooling and clothes, I will give you your time and board while you are at school. You are not really strong enough to chop, and you'll find it pretty hard. Most likely you will give out, but you can try."

Very hard work James found it. One day he was tempted to give it up. He was at work at a large tree, upon whose firm grain his inexperienced blows made little impression. Tired and discouraged, he sat down upon a log to rest.

"It is no use," he said, dolefully.

"What's no use?" asked an old wood-cutter, just behind him.

"For me to try to cut down that tree."

"Pooh! my boy; you can do it. Just keep at it. Stroke by stroke will cut down the biggest tree that ever grew. Don't expect to cut it down with one blow. Remember, 'stroke by stroke.'"

James did remember; and whenever the wished-for schooling seemed a good that he could never gain, he would think, "Stroke by stroke," and struggle on. The watchword which had helped the chopper was not thrown aside by the student. Did a problem baffle, a lesson seem unconquerable, James thought, "Stroke by stroke," and took courage. "Stroke by stroke" carried James through school, and made of him an active, successful man.—*S. S. Visitor.*

Pleasantries.

"Hail, gentle Spring! ethereal mildness, hail!" Thus quoth the poet, and his prayer prevailed, For scarcely had he tuned his lyre to sing Before the weather altered and it hailed.

A Texas editor asks for vegetables in lieu of spring poetry.—*Picayune.*

The moonlight summer nights will soon be here. You can't plant cats too early, nor is it possible to get too many in a hill.

An Irishman has just sued a fellow-countryman at Kilkenny for selling him a bullock with a false tail, though the defendant testified that it was put on only to switch off the flies.

When a parent finds his boy reading dime novels and "boys' papers," it is not a bad idea to search his pockets for a pistol. Usually he will find one.—*Binghamton Leader.*

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General News.

HOME.

The Lutherans are arranging for a second Free Diet this fall.

Last week the judiciary committee of the House reported the following: "Resolved, That the two houses of the Forty-fourth Congress having counted the votes cast for President and Vice President of the United States, and having declared Rutherford B. Hayes and Wm. A. Wheeler, to be duly elected President and Vice President, there is no power in any subsequent Congress to reverse that declaration, nor can any such power be exercised by the courts of the United States or any other tribunals that Congress can create under the Constitution." The resolution was passed with singular unanimity.

The Seventy-second General Synod of the (Dutch) Reformed Church in America was held in Utica, beginning June 5th. The report of the Committee on the State of Religion contained the following statistics: Number of churches, 503; ministers, 542; members, 79,413; Sunday schools, 648; scholars, 77,203; total contributions of the year, \$295,798. All of these figures show some increase over the preceding year. The Rev. Dr. A. P. Giesen was elected Vedder lecturer for 1880, and the Rev. Dr. Hartman, the lecturer for 1879, was requested to withdraw his resignation. In a discussion upon Sunday school work, the Synod called the attention of teachers to the danger of "Lesson leaves" usurping the place of the Bible.

FOREIGN.

The eyes of the world are now turned towards Berlin, where the European Congress is now in session. Speculations are rife in regard to the result of the conference, although it is said that "Nothing will be left undone to secure for Europe a solid peace."

The construction of the Paris Exhibition buildings cost 45,000,000 francs, which is 10,000,000 in excess of the original estimate.

During the past five years wages in England have increased gradually about 10 per cent., while the cost of living has increased about 25 per cent. C. obbing is about 30 per cent. higher, while fuel has not risen in price.

The *Univers* (Catholic) augurs the approaching downfall of the "Old Catholics," from the fact, with others, that the only congregation in Bavaria, that of Mering, near Augsburg, meet to abjure their errors, make reparation and ask to be received back into the communion of the Church.

Great excitement has been created in the Established Church of England by the progress of the Reformed Episcopalians. On Tuesday, May 14th, the meetings held in the dioceses of St. Albans and Chichester by the Reformed Episcopal Bishop Gregg were brought to the notice of the upper house of the Convocation of Canterbury. The bishop of St. Albans stated that the Reformed Episcopalians had built a church at Southend, in his diocese, where they had a large following; the bishop of Chichester said that Bishop Gregg had consecrated a church at Littlehampton, in his diocese; one also had been opened in the diocese of the bishop of Llandaff. Some discussion was had of the Episcopal ordination of Bishop Cummins, the founder of the new church. A resolution was finally adopted in these words: "That a committee of this house be appointed to consider the question arising out of the claims of the body calling itself the Reformed Episcopal Church in England."

Obituaries.

DEPARTED this life, in the city of Baltimore, June the 4th, 1878, Elder John Rodenmayer, in the 68th year of his age.

The readers of the MESSENGER will be surprised to hear of the death of Elder John Rodenmayer, which took place at his residence in Baltimore, on the night of his return from the Maryland Classis, (the 4th inst.) The death was sudden, caused by apoplexy just as he was getting ready to retire to his bed. Falling over the foot of his bed, he expired immediately. Previous to this, he had been in his usual health, giving no signs of anything unusual in his condition. Returning from the Classis, which was holding its sessions at Mechanicstown, Md., he conversed freely all the way with his pastor and another friend, Wm. H. Ford, who have since remarked, that they never saw him in apparently a better state of health. The suddenness of the death created a terrible shock, not only in his immediate family, but through the whole community. It was difficult to realize, many finding it utterly impossible to do so, thinking that it must certainly be a mistake. His residence was soon thronged with crowds of persons anxious to ascertain for themselves the facts, when, amid weeping relatives and friends, they saw the confirmation of the sad news.

His funeral took place on Friday last at 3 o'clock, P. M., a short service being held at the house, which was continued and completed by a more extended service in the 3d Reformed church, of which he was, and had been all through his history, a deeply interested and devoted member. The church was filled by persons from near and far, who had been familiar with him during life, and who were anxious to honor him in death. The pastor, who felt himself a mourner, dwelt feelingly upon the words—"Weep with them that weep"—sketching the cause and history of tears, and pointed the heart-stricken wife, children and other relatives to the happy time when "all tears shall be wiped away from their eyes." The lesson recited was a timely preparation for death, was strongly enforced, in view of the fact, as in this instance, that the call to leave the world and appear before God, comes often very suddenly.

In this Providence, the 3d Reformed Church of Baltimore has lost in every way a valuable member, and she feels the loss very deeply. This same sense of loss will be realized far beyond this congregation, with which he stood in immediate contact. He was intelligently related to the whole Reformed Church, with whose history, theology and cultus, connected with its public Christian enterprises, he had become familiar by careful reading and earnest study. No one, even among her ministers, had more carefully noted and treasured up the detailed facts connected with her several great movements in this country and in Europe. His knowledge was general and upon the whole accurate, his insight, keen and far-reaching, his judgment calm and sound, his attachment warm and decided, while, in the sphere which to his mind presented a hopeful prospect, he was ever active and generous.

With this brief tribute, abundantly due to one who had attained such an advanced age, who had escaped so many snares, who had risen above such numerous temptations, who had attained to such clear views of Catholic Christianity, and who had endeared himself to the hearts of so many of the pure and good at home and abroad, we leave him with a Merciful Father, expressing the hope that this Providence, so bewildering to us at present, may in due time be seen to result in great and rich blessings to all. Especially do we commend the estimable family of the departed to Him who has said, "I will be a husband to the widow and a father to the fatherless,"

PASTOR.

DIED—At Wilkesburg, Pa., June 6th, 1878, George R. Matz, aged 19 years, 10 months and 12 days.

LETTER LIST.

Adams, Rev G E.
Borkheimer, D. Bates, Rev W H, Balliet, T M, Beaver, C N, (2), Barnard, H O, Brown, K K, Brendle, Rev D E, Bleichert, L.
Custer, L. Cort, Rev G, Christian Union, (2).
Dyson, N, Dittmar, Rev D N, Dengler, Rev J G, De Long, Rev J F.
Ermantout, D, Evans, Rev L K.
Fox, Rev E, Freeman, Rev J E.
Ging, Rev W A, Griffith, G W, Gerhardt, Rev C S, Groh, Rev W H, Gerhart, Rev H L, Gerhard, Rev D W.
Heffelfinger, C, Hoffman, G H, Heberly, Jr, J, Heller, L S, Hoffman, Rev H, Hendricks, S W, Hoffmeier, Rev H W, Hoy, J, Holbrook, L P, Hoffman, J M, Holshouse, A R, Hoffmeister, Rev H W, Haderman, M J, Hessler, G H.
Kaim & Bros, Koch, L H, Keefe, F W, Keener, R H F, (2), Kline, Rev A R, Kryder, J C, Krebs, Rev W E, Kauffman & Co, Kass, C, Kindig, D, Kohler, L A, Knocht, F L.
Leberman, Rev J J, Lentz, H, Leinbach, Rev T C, Lyon, R V, Lawall, L H, Lenker, J, Lady, Rev D B, Lentz, H, Leiby, J B, Leisenring, Trexler & Co, Lower, J F.
Miller, D, (3), Miller, L E, Miller, W, Moore, A, Miller, J C, Mease, Rev Dr S, Mohney, A M, Moyer, C F, Mamow, H A.
Novinger, Rev J A.
Oetting, Rev E H.
Porter & Brainbridge, Pontious, Rev J W.
Reinard, J, Rodearmel, W S, Rose, G, Rinker, Rev H St J, Reilly, Rev W M, Reber, Rev T N, Rosister, Rev J E, (2), Robinson, H E, Reber, Rev J A, Reiter, G.
Shultz, D, Stoler, D M, Stepler, Rev J H, Santee, Rev Dr J W, Swope, J A, Smith, G B, Schneely, D M, Schneider, D B, Skelly, J, Sherman, G F.
Trautman, I, Titzel, Rev J M, Tobias, Rev D C, Thompson, Rev J B, Troxell, J M.
Wiant, Rev J E, (2), Wolbach, Rev J, Wetzel, D B, Whitmer, Rev A C.
Zieher, Rev W K, Zeller, F J R, Zehring, Rev J D, Zahn, E J.

HONOR TO AMERICAN MANUFACTURERS.—His Majesty Oscar II, King of Norway and Sweden, has sent to the Mason and Hamlin Organ Co, the Grand Swedish Gold Medal in recognition of the superiority of their cabinet organs. The medal is surmounted by a crown and bears on one side the inscription "Litteris et Artibus," and on the other around the bust of the king, "Oscar II, Svea, Norr, Goth, Vand, Rex." This honor will be the more valued by the Company from the fact that His Majesty Oscar II is known to be a musical connoisseur of highest attainments.

MANY interesting narratives and sketches of native life in Egypt, illustrative of the Bible, are given by Mrs. S. K. Hunt in her book, *Yusuf in Egypt*, issued by the American Tract Society; price \$1.00, post-paid. Send for it to the Depository, 1512 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, or ask your bookseller for it. H. N. Thissell, District Secretary.

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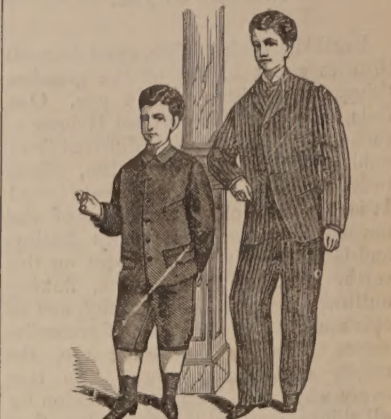
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